

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XII. }

No. 1639. — November 6, 1875.

{ From Beginning  
{ Vol. CXXVII.

## CONTENTS.

I. COWPER AND ROUSSEAU, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . . .	323
II. WRECKED OFF THE RIFF COAST, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	335
III. MONEY, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	353
IV. A DEAD MAN, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	365
V. TORQUATO TASSO: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. Part II, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	367
VI. MISS AUSTEN'S COUNTRY, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	376
VII. OLD CHINA, . . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	379
VIII. A QUAIN'T EPITAPH, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	383

## POETRY.

WHEN ROSES BLOW, . . . . .	322	SNOWDROPS, . . . . .	322
LOVE AND DEATH, . . . . .	322	THE POET'S LAST SONG, . . . . .	322
IN THE LANE, . . . . .	322		
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			384

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## WHEN ROSES BLOW.

It was the time when roses blow,  
 The sweetest time in all the year ;  
 'Twas when the sun was red and low,  
 And when the skies were warm and clear.  
 I met a maiden by the gate  
 That led into a field of corn ;  
 To see her I was proud to wait,  
 For fairer girl was never born.

I saw a blush upon each cheek,  
 A bashful gleam was in her eye ;  
 I'd yearned to see her, hear her speak,  
 Soon as the day began to die.  
 For love its secret longs to hide  
 Beneath green leaves when day's no more ;  
 And when its faltering words have died,  
 It turns its idol to adore.

We lingered long beside the gate,  
 And all our love was slowly told —  
 Until the happy hours grew late  
 And stars appeared like drops of gold.  
 Rare odours seemed with us to stay,  
 Faint music reached us from a rill ;  
 We loved the night more than the day,  
 So lone, so beautiful, and still !

Night is the time for love to spring  
 Beneath a blue and star-lit sky ;  
 When every zephyr seems to ring  
 With music as it wantons by.  
 Then hearts in union gladly beat,  
 And eyes with rarest brightness glow ;  
 For there's no other time so sweet  
 For love, as that when roses blow !

Graphic.

H.

## LOVE AND DEATH.

WHEN the end comes, and we must say good-  
 bye  
 And I am going to the quiet land ;  
 And sitting in some loved place hand in  
 hand,  
 For the last time together, you and I,  
 We watch the winds blow, and the sunlight  
 lie  
 Above the spaces of our garden home,  
 Soft by the washing of the western foam,  
 Where we have lived and loved in days past  
 by :  
 We must not weep, my darling, or upbraid  
 The quiet death who comes to part us  
 twain ;  
 But know that parting would not be such  
 pain  
 Had not our love a perfect flower been made.  
 And we shall find it in God's garden laid  
 On that sweet day wherein we meet again.

Argosy.

## IN THE LANE.

THE daisies star the summer grass ;  
 And, with the dancing leaves at play,

Adown this lane the breezes pass,  
 In pleasant music, all the day.

I love the sweet, sequestered place,  
 The gracious roof of gold and green,  
 Where arching branches interlace,  
 With glimpses of the sky between.

I see the drooping roses trail  
 From tangled hedgerows to the ground ;  
 I hear the chanting swell and fail,  
 Of fond love-lyrics, all around.

And here, adown the shady walk,  
 In days divine now passed away,  
 Entranced, I listened to the talk,  
 That ever held my heart in sway.

In days when birds began to sing,  
 Because they found the earth was fair ;  
 In halcyon days of happy spring,  
 None aught but us our joys to share.

But pleasure past is present pain ;  
 The petals of the rose are shed ;  
 The piercing thorns alone remain ;  
 I live to sorrow for the dead.

Chambers' Journal.

## SNOWDROPS.

O SNOWDROPS, do not rise,  
 Because the happy eyes  
 That loved you once, now underneath you lie ;  
 Let not your buds appear,  
 Each seems a frozen tear,  
 That never drops, and yet is never dry.

Such useless tears they seem,  
 As in a heavy dream,  
 We pour about our griefs to make them grow ;  
 When all the lights are pale,  
 And all the cruses fail,  
 And all the flowers are underneath the snow.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

## THE POET'S LAST SONG.

FROM THE DANISH OF HANS ANDERSEN.

LIKE to the leaf which falleth from the tree,  
 O God, such only is my earthly life.  
 Lord, I am ready when Thou callest me.  
 Lo ! Thou canst see my heart's most bitter  
 strife —  
 'Tis Thou alone canst know the load of sin,  
 Which this my aching breast doth hold within.

Shorten the pains of death, shake off my fear,  
 Give me the courage of a trusting child.  
 Father of Love, I fain would see Thee near.  
 In pity judge each thought and act defiled —  
 Mercy, I cry ! dear Lord, Thy will be done,  
 Save me I pray, through Jesus Christ Thy  
 Son.

Temple Bar.

A. W.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
COWPER AND ROUSSEAU.

SAINTE-BEUVE'S essay on Cowper—considered as the type of domestic poets—has recently been translated for the benefit of English readers. It is interesting to know on the highest authority what are the qualities which may recommend a writer, so strongly tinged by local prejudices, to the admiration of a different race and generation. The gulf which separates the Olney of a century back from modern Paris is wide enough to give additional value to the generous appreciation of the critic. I have not the presumption to supplement or correct any part of his judgment. It is enough to remark briefly that Cowper's immediate popularity was, as is usually the case, due in part to qualities which have little to do with his more enduring reputation. Sainte-Beuve dwells with special fondness upon his pictures of domestic and rural life. He notices, of course, the marvellous keenness of his pathetic poems; and he touches, though with some hint that national affinity is necessary to its full appreciation, upon the playful humour which immortalized John Gilpin, and lights up the poet's most charming letters. Something, perhaps, might still be said by a competent critic upon the singular charm of Cowper's best style. A poet, for example, might perhaps tell us, though a prosaic person cannot, what is the secret of the impression made by such a poem as the "Wreck of the Royal George." Given an ordinary newspaper paragraph about wreck or battle, do not introduce a single metaphor or figure of speech, indulge in none but the most obvious of all reflections—as, for example, that when a man is once drowned he won't win any more battles—and produce as the result a copy of verses which nobody can ever read without instantly knowing them by heart. How Cowper managed to perform such a feat, and why not one poet even in a hundred can perform it, are questions which might lead to some curious critical speculation.

The qualities, however, which charm the purely literary critic do not account for the whole of Cowper's influence. A great

part of his immediate, and some part of his more enduring success, have been clearly owing to a different cause. On reading Johnson's "Lives," Cowper remarked, rather uncharitably, that there was scarcely one good man amongst the poets. Few poets, indeed, shared those religious views which commended him more than any literary excellence to a large class of readers. Religious poetry is generally popular out of all proportion to its æsthetic merits. Young was but a second-rate Pope in point of talent; but probably the "Night Thoughts" have been studied by a dozen people for one who has read the "Essay on Man" or the "Imitations of Horace." In our own day, nobody, I suppose, would hold that the popularity of the "Christian Year" has been strictly proportioned to its poetical excellence; and Cowper's vein of religious meditation has recommended him to thousands who, if biassed at all, were quite unconsciously biassed by the admirable qualities which endeared him to such a critic as Sainte-Beuve. His own view was frequently and unequivocally expressed. He says over and over again—and his entire sincerity lifts him above all suspicion of the affected self-depreciation of other writers—that he looked upon his poetical work as at best innocent trifling, except so far as his poems were versified sermons. His intention was everywhere didactic—sometimes annoyingly didactic—and his highest ambition was to be a useful auxiliary to the prosaic exhortations of Doddridge, Watts, or his friend Newton. His religion, said some people, drove him mad. Even a generous critic like Mr. Stopford Brooke cannot refrain from hinting that his madness was in some part due to the detested influence of Calvinism. In fact, it may be admitted that Newton—who is half inclined to boast that he has a name for driving people mad—scarcely showed his judgment setting a man who had already been in confinement to write hymns which at times are the embodiment of despair. But it is obviously contrary to the plainest facts to say that Cowper was driven mad by his creed. His first attack preceded his religious enthusiasm; and a gentleman who

tries to hang himself because he has received a comfortable appointment for life is in a state of mind which may be explained without reference to his theological views. It would be truer to say that when Cowper's intellect was once unhinged, he found a congenial expression for the tortures of his soul in the imagery provided by the sternest of Christian sects. But neither can this circumstance be alleged as in itself disparaging to the doctrines thus misapplied. A religious belief which does not provide language for the darkest moods of the human mind, for profound melancholy, torturing remorse, and gloomy foreboding, is a religion not calculated to lay a powerful grasp upon the imaginations of mankind. Had Cowper been a Roman Catholic, the same anguish of mind might have driven him to seek relief in the recesses of some austere monastery. Had he, like Rousseau, been a theoretical optimist, he would, like Rousseau, have tortured himself with the conflict between theory and fact,—between the world as it might be and the corrupt and tyrannous world as it is—and have held that all men were in a conspiracy to rob him of his peace. The chief article of Rousseau's rather hazy creed was the duty of universal philanthropy, and Rousseau fancied himself to be the object of all men's hatred. Similarly, Cowper, who held that the first duty of man was the love of God, fancied that some mysterious cause had made him the object of the irrevocable hatred of his Creator. With such fancies, reason and creeds which embody reason have nothing to do except to give shape to the instruments of self-nurture. The cause of the misery is the mind diseased. You can no more raze out its rooted troubles by arguing against the reality of the phantoms which it generates than cure any other delirium by the most irrefragable logic.

Sainte-Beuve makes some remarks upon this analogy between Rousseau and Cowper. The comparison suggests some curious considerations as to the contrast and likeness of the two cases represented. Some personal differences are, of course, profound and obvious. Cowper was as indisputably the most virtuous man, as

Rousseau the greatest intellectual power. Cowper's domestic life was as beautiful as Rousseau's was repulsive. Rousseau, moreover, was more decidedly a sentimentalist than Cowper, if by sentimentalism we mean that disposition which makes a luxury of grief, and delights in pouring over its own morbid emotions. Cowper's tears are always wrung from him by intense anguish of soul, and never, as is occasionally the case with Rousseau, suggest that the weeper is proud of his excessive tenderness. Nevertheless, it is probably true, as Mr. Lowell says, that Cowper is the nearest congener of Rousseau in our language. The two men, of course, occupy in one respect an analogous literary position. We habitually assign to Cowper an important place—though of course a subordinate place to Rousseau—in bringing about the reaction against the eighteenth-century code of taste and morality. In each case it would generally be said that the change indicated was a return to nature and passion from the artificial coldness of the dominant school. That reaction, whatever its precise nature, took characteristically different forms in England and in France; and it is as illustrating one of the most important distinctions that I propose to say a few words upon the contrast thus exhibited.

Return to nature! That was the war-cry which animated the Lake school in their assault upon the then established authority. Pope, as they held, had tied the hands of English poets by his jingling metres and frigid conventionalities. The muse—to make use of the old-fashioned phrase—had been rouged and bewigged, and put into high-heeled boots, till she had lost the old majestic freedom of gait and energy of action. Let us go back to our ancient school, to Milton and Shakespeare and Spenser and Chaucer, and break the ignoble fetters imported from the pseudo-classicists of France. These and similar phrases, repeated and varied in a thousand forms, have become part of the stock in trade of literary historians, and are put forward so fluently that we sometimes forget to ask what it is precisely that they mean. Down to Milton, it is assumed, we were natural; then we became artificial;



and with the revolution we became natural again. That a theory so generally received and so consciously adopted by the leaders of the new movement must have in it a considerable amount of truth, is not to be disputed. But it is sometimes not easy to interpret it into very plain language. The method of explaining great intellectual and social movements by the phrase "reaction" is a very tempting one, for the simple reason that it enables us to effect a great saving of thought. The change is made to explain itself. History becomes a record of oscillations; we are always swinging backwards and forwards, pendulum-fashion, from one extreme to another. The courtiers of Charles I. were too dissolute because the Puritans were too strict; Addison and Steele were respectable because Congreve and Wycherley were licentious; Wesley was zealous because the Church had become indifferent; the revolution of 1789 was a reaction against the manners of the last century, and the revolution in running its course set up a reaction against itself. Now it is easy enough to admit that there is some truth in this theory. Every great man who moves his race profoundly is of necessity protesting against the worst evils of the time, and it is as true as a copybook that zeal leads to extremes, and one extreme to its opposite. A river flowing through a nearly level plain turns its concavity alternately to the east and west, and we may fairly explain each bend by the fact that the previous bend was in the opposite direction. But that does not explain why the river flows down-hill, nor show which direction leads downwards. We may account for trifling oscillations, not for the main current. Nor does it seem at first a self-evident proposition that vice, for example, necessarily generates over-strictness. A man is not always a Pharisee because his father has been a sinner. In fact, the people who talk so fluently about reaction fall back whenever it suits them upon the inverse theory. If a process happens to be continuous, the reason is as simple and satisfactory as in the opposite case. A man is dissolute, they will tell us, because his father was dissolute; just as they will tell us, in the

opposite case, that he was dissolute because his father was strict. Obviously, the mere statement of a reaction is not by itself satisfactory. We want to know why there should have been a reaction; why the code of morals which satisfied one generation did not satisfy its successors; why the coming man was repelled rather than attracted; what it was that made Pope array himself in a wig instead of appreciating the noble freedom of his predecessors; and why, again, at a given period men became tired of the old wig business. When we have solved, or approximated to a solution of that problem, we shall generally find, I suspect, that the action and reaction are generally more superficial phenomena than we suppose, and that the great processes of evolution are going on beneath the surface comparatively undisturbed by the changes which first attract our notice. Every man naturally exaggerates the share of his education due to himself. He fancies that he has made a wonderful improvement upon his father's views, perhaps by reversing the improvement made by the father on the grandfather's. He does not see, what is plain enough to a more distant generation, that in reality each generation is most closely bound to its nearest predecessors.

There is, too, a special source of ambiguity in the catchword used by the revolutionary school. They spoke of a return to nature. What, as Mr. Mill asked in his posthumous essay, is meant by nature? Does it mean inanimate nature? If so, is a love of nature clearly good or "natural"? Was Wordsworth justifiable *primâ facie* for telling us to study mountains rather than Pope for announcing that

The proper study of mankind is man?

Is it not more natural to be interested in men than in mountains? Does nature include man in his natural state? If so, what is the natural state of man? Is the savage the man of nature, or the unsophisticated peasant, or the man whose natural powers are developed to the highest pitch? Is a native of the Andaman Islands the superior of Socrates? If you admit that Socrates is superior to the savage, where do you draw the line between the natural

and the artificial? If a coral reef is natural and beautiful because it is the work of insects, and a town artificial and ugly because made by man, we must reject as unnatural all the best products of the human race. If you distinguish between different works of man, the distinction becomes irrelevant, for the products to which we most object are just as natural, in any assignable sense of the word, as those which we most admire. The word natural may indeed be used as equivalent simply to beneficial or healthy; but then it loses all value as an implicit test of what is and what is not beneficial. Probably, indeed, some such sense was floating before the minds of most who have used the term. We shall generally find a vague recognition of the fact that there is a continuous series of integrating and disintegrating processes; that some changes imply a normal development of the social or individual organism leading to increased health and strength, whilst others are significant of disease and ultimate obliteration or decay of structure. Thus the artificial style of the Pope school, the appeals to the muse, the pastoral affectation, and so forth, may be called unnatural, because the philosophy of that style is the retention of obsolete symbols after all vitality has departed, and when they consequently become mere obstructions, embarrassing the free flow of emotion which they once stimulated.

But however this may be, it is plain that the very different senses given to the word nature by different schools of thought were characteristic of profoundly different conceptions of the world and its order. There is a sense in which it may be said with perfect accuracy that the worship of nature, so far from being a fresh doctrine of the new school, was the most characteristic tenet of the school from which it dissented. All the speculative part of the English literature in the first half of the eighteenth century is a prolonged discussion as to the meaning and value of the law of nature, the religion of nature, and the state of nature. The deist controversy, which occupied every one of the keenest thinkers of the time, turned essentially upon this problem: granting that there is an ascertainable and absolutely true religion of nature, what is its relation to revealed religion? That, for example, is the question explicitly discussed in Butler's typical book, which gives the pith of the whole orthodox argument, and the same speculation suggested the theme of Pope's "Essay on Man," which, in its occasional strength

and its many weaknesses, is perhaps the most characteristic, though far from the most valuable, product of the time. The religion of nature undoubtedly meant something very different with Butler or Pope from what it would have meant with Wordsworth or Coleridge, something so different, indeed, that we might at first say that the two creeds had nothing in common but the name. But we may see from Rousseau that there was a real and intimate connection. Rousseau's philosophy, in fact, is taken bodily from the teaching of his English predecessors. His celebrated profession of faith through the lips of the *vicaire Savoyard*, which delighted Voltaire and profoundly influenced the leaders of the French Revolution, is in fact the expression of a deism identical with that of Pope's "Essay."\* The political theories of the Social Contract are founded upon the same base which served Locke and the English political theorists of 1688; and are applied to sanction the attempt to remodel existing societies in accordance with what they would have called the law of nature. It is again perfectly true that Rousseau drew from his theory consequences which inspired Robespierre, and would have made Locke's hair stand on end; and that Pope would have been scandalized at the too open revelation of his religious tendencies. It is also true that Rousseau's passion was of infinitely greater importance than his philosophy. But it remains true that the logical framework into which his theories were fitted came to him straight from the same school of thought which was dominant in England during the preceding period. The real change effected by Rousseau was that he breathed life into the dead bones. The English theorists, as has been admirably shown by Mr. Morley in his "Rousseau," acted after their national method. They accepted doctrines which, if logically developed, would have led to a radical revolution, and therefore refused to develop them logically. They remained in their favourite attitude of compromise, and declined altogether to accommodate practice to theory. Locke's political principles fairly carried out implied universal suffrage, the absolute supremacy of the popular will, and the abolition of class-privileges. And yet it never seems to have occurred to him that he was even indirectly attacking that complex structure

\* Rousseau himself seems to refer to Clarke, the leader of the English rationalizing school, as the best expounder of his theory, and defended Pope's "Essay" against the criticisms of Voltaire.

of the British Constitution, rooted in history, marked in every detail by special conditions of growth, and therefore anomalous to the last degree when tried by *a priori* reasoning, of which Burke's philosophical eloquence gives the best explanation and apology. Similarly, Clarke's theology is pure deism, embodied in a series of propositions worked out on the model of a mathematical text-book, and yet in his eyes perfectly consistent with an acceptance of the orthodox dogmas which repose upon traditional authority. This attitude of mind, so intelligible on this side of the Channel, was utterly abhorrent to Rousseau's logical instincts. Englishmen were content to keep their abstract theories for the closet or the lecture-room, and dropped them as soon as they were in the pulpit or in Parliament. Rousseau could give no quarter to any doctrine which could not be fitted into a symmetrical edifice of abstract reasoning. He carried into actual warfare the weapons which his English teachers had kept for purposes of mere scholastic disputation. A monarchy, an order of privileged nobility, a hierarchy claiming supernatural authority, were not logically justifiable on the accepted principles. Never mind, was the English answer, they work very well in practice; let us leave them alone. Down with them to the ground! was Rousseau's passionate retort. Realize the ideal; force practice into conformity with theory; the voice of the poor and the oppressed is crying aloud for vengeance; the divergence of the actual from the theoretical is no mere trifle to be left to the slow action of time; it means the misery of millions and the corruption of their rulers. The doctrine which had amused philosophers was to become the war-cry of the masses; the men of '89 were at no loss to translate into precepts suited for the immediate wants of the day the doctrines which found their first utterance in the glow of his voluminous eloquence; and the fall of the Bastille showed the first vibrations of the earthquake which is still shaking the soil of France.

It is easy, then, to give a logical meaning to Rousseau's return to nature. The whole inanimate world, so ran his philosophy, is perfect and shows plainly the marks of the divine workmanship. All evil really comes from man's abuse of free-will. Mountains, and forests, and seas, all objects which have not suffered from his polluting touch, are perfect and admirable. Let us fall down and worship. Man, too, himself, as he came from his

Creator's hands, is perfect. His "natural"—that is, original—impulses are all good; and in all men, in all races and regions of the earth, we find a conscience which unerringly distinguishes good from evil, and a love of his fellows which causes man to obey the dictates of his conscience. And yet the world, as we see it, is a prison or a lazaret-house. Disease and starvation make life a burden, and poison the health of the coming generations; those whom fortune has placed above the masses make use of their advantages to harden their hearts, and extract means of selfish enjoyment from the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. What is the source of this heart-rending discord? The abuse of men's free-will; that is, of the mysterious power which enables us to act contrary to the dictates of nature. What is the best name for the disease which it generates? Luxury and corruption—the two cant objects of denunciations which were as popular in the pre-revolutionary generation as attacks upon sensationalism and over-excitement at the present day. And what, then, is the mode of cure? The return to nature. We are to make history run backwards, to raze to its foundations the whole social and intellectual structure that has been erected by generations of corrupt and selfish men. Everything by which the civilized man differs from some theoretical pretension is tainted with a kind of original sin. Political institutions, as they exist, are conveniences for enabling the rich to rob the poor, and churches contrivances by which priests make ignorance and superstition play into the hands of selfish authority. Level all the existing order, and build up a new one on principles of pure reason; give up all the philosophical and theological dogmas, which have been the work of designing priests and bewildered speculators, and revert to that pure and simple religion which is divinely implanted in the heart of every uncorrupted human being. The Savoyard vicar, if you have any doubts, will tell you what is the true creed; and if you don't believe it, is Rousseau's rather startling corollary, you ought to be put to death.

That final touch shows the arbitrary and despotic spirit characteristic of the relentless theorist. I need not here enquire what relation may be borne by Rousseau's theories to any which could now be accepted by intelligent thinkers. It is enough to say that there would be, to put it gently, some slight difficulty in settling the details of this pure creed, com-

mon to all unsophisticated minds, and in seeing what would be left when we had destroyed all institutions alloyed by sin and selfishness. The meaning, however, in this connection of his love of nature, taking the words in their mere common sense, is in harmony with his system. The mountains, whose worship he was the first to adumbrate, if not actually to institute, were the symbols of the great natural forces free from any stain of human interference. Greed and cruelty had not stained the pure waters of his lovely lake, or dimmed the light to which his vicar points as in the early morning it grazes the edges of the mighty mountain ridges. Whatever symbolism may be found in the Alps, suggesting emotions of awe, wonder, and softened melancholy, came unstained by the association with the vices of a complex civilization. If poets and critics have not quite analyzed the precise nature of our modern love of mountain scenery, the sentiment may at least be illustrated by a modern parallel. The most eloquent writer who, in our day, has transferred to his pages the charm of Alpine beauties shares in many ways Rousseau's antipathy for the social order. Mr. Ruskin would explain better than any one why the love of the sublimest scenery should be associated with a profound conviction that all things are out of joint, and that society can only be regenerated by rejecting all the achievements upon which the ordinary optimist plumes himself. After all, it is not surprising that those who are most sick of man as he is should love the regions where man seems smallest. When Swift wished to express his disgust for his race, he showed how absurd our passions appear in a creature six inches high; and the mountains make us all Lilliputians. In other mouths Rousseau's sentiment, more fully interpreted, became unequivocally misanthropical. Byron, if any definite logical theory were to be fixed upon him, excluded the human race at large from his conception of nature. He loved, or talked as though he loved, the wilderness precisely because it was a wilderness; the sea because it sent men "shivering to their gods," and the mountains because their avalanches crush the petty works of human industry. Rousseau was less anti-social than his disciple. The mountains, with him, were the great barriers which kept civilization and all its horrors at bay. They were the asylums for liberty and simplicity. There the peasant, unspoilt as yet by *Trinkgelder*, not oppressed by the great, nor corrupted by the rich, could

lead that idyllic life upon which his fancy delighted. In a passage quoted, as Sainte-Beuve notices, by Cowper, Rousseau describes, with his usual warmth of sentiment, the delightful *matinée anglaise* passed in sight of the Alps by the family which had learnt the charms of simplicity, and regulated its manners and the education of its children by the unsophisticated laws of nature. It is doubtless a charming picture, though the virtuous persons concerned are a little over-conscious of their virtue, and it indicates a point of coincidence between the two men. Rousseau, as Mr. Morley says, could appreciate as well as Cowper the charms of a simple and natural life. Nobody could be more eloquent on the beauty of domesticity; no one could paint better the happiness of family life, where the main occupation was the primitive labour of cultivating the ground, where no breath of unhallowed excitement penetrated from the restless turmoil of the outside world, where the mother knew her place, and kept to her placid round of womanly duties, and where the children were taught with a gentle firmness which developed every germ of reason and affection, without undue stimulus or undue repression. And yet one must doubt whether Cowper would have felt himself quite at ease in the family of the Wolmars. The circle which gathered round the hearth at Olney to listen for the horn of the approaching postman, and solaced itself with cups "that cheer but not inebriate,"\* would have been a little scandalized by some of the sentiments current in the Vaudois paradise, and certainly by some of the antecedents of the party assembled. Cowper's "Mary," and even their more fashionable friend, Lady Austen, would have felt their respectable prejudices shocked by contact with the new *Héloïse*; and the views of life taken by their teacher, the converted slaveholder, John Newton, were as opposite as possible to those of Rousseau's imaginary vicar. Indeed, Rousseau's ideal families have that stain of affectation from which Cowper is so conspicuously free. The rose-colour is laid on too thickly. They are too fond of taking credit for universal admiration of the fine feelings which invariably animate their breasts; their charitable sentiments are apt to take the form of very easy condonation of vice; and if they repudiate the world, we cannot believe that they

\* A phrase, by the way, which Cowper, though little given to borrowing, took straight from Berkeley's "Sirius."



are really unconscious of its existence. Perhaps this dash of self-consciousness was useful in recommending them to the taste of the jaded and weary society, sickening of a strange disease which it could not interpret to itself, and finding for the moment a new excitement in the charms of ancient simplicity. The real thing might have palled upon it. But Rousseau's artificial and self-conscious simplicity expressed that vague yearning and spirit of unrest which could generate a half-sensual sentimentalism but could be repelled by genuine sentiment. Perhaps it not uncommonly happens that those who are more or less tainted with a morbid tendency can denounce it most effectually. The most effective satirist is the man who has escaped with labour and pains, and not without some grievous stains, from the slough in which others are still mired. The perfectly pure has sometimes too little sympathy with his weaker brethren to place himself at their point of view. Indeed, as we shall have occasion to remark, Cowper is an instance of a thinker too far apart from the great world to apply the lash effectually.

Rousseau's view of the world and its evils was thus coherent enough, however unsatisfactory in its basis, and was a development of, not a reaction against, the previously dominant philosophy: and, though using a different dialect and confined by different conditions, Cowper's attack upon the existing order harmonizes with much of Rousseau's language. The first volume of poems, in which he had not yet discovered the secret of his own strength, is in form a continuation of the satires of the Pope school, and in substance a religious version of Rousseau's denunciations of luxury. Amongst the first symptoms of the growing feeling of uneasy discontent had been the popularity of Brown's now-forgotten "Estimate."

The inestimable estimate of Brown  
Rose like a paper kite, and charmed the town,

says Cowper; and he proceeds to show that though Chatham's victorious administration had for a moment restored the self-respect of the country, the evils denounced by Brown were symptoms of a profound and lasting disease. The poems called "The Progress of Error," "Expostulation," "Truth," "Hope," "Charity," and "Conversation," all turn upon the same theme. Though Cowper is for brief spaces playful or simply satirical, he always falls back into his habitual vein of meditation. For the ferocious personali-

ties of Churchill, the coarse-fibred friend of his youth, we have a sad strain of lamentation over the growing luxury and effeminacy of the age. It is a continued anticipation of the lines in "The Task," which seem to express his most serious and sincere conviction.

The course of human ills, from good to ill,  
From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.  
Increase of power begets increase of wealth,  
Wealth luxury, and luxury excess :  
Excess the scrophulous and itchy plague,  
That seizes first the opulent, descends  
To the next rank contagious, and in time  
Taints downwards all the graduated scale  
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.

That is his one unvariable lesson, set in different lights but associated more or less closely with every observation. The world is ripening or rotting; and, as with Rousseau, luxury is the most significant name of the absorbing evil. That such a view should commend itself to a mind so clouded with melancholy would not be at any time surprising, but it fell in with a widely-spread conviction. Cowper had not, indeed, learnt the most effective mode of touching men's hearts. Separated by a retirement of twenty years from the world with which he had never been very familiar, and at which he only "peeped through the loopholes of retreat," his satire wanted the brilliance, the quickness of illustration from actual life, which alone makes satire readable. His tone of feeling too frequently suggests that the critic represents the querulous comments of old ladies gossiping about the outside world over their tea-cups, easily scandalized by very simple things. Mrs. Unwin was an excellent old lady, and Newton a most zealous country clergyman. Probably they were intrinsically superior to the fine ladies and gentlemen who laughed at them. But a mind acclimatized to the atmosphere which they breathed inevitably lost its nervous tone. There was true masculine vigour underlying Cowper's jeremiads; but it was natural that many people should only see in him an amiable valetudinarian, not qualified for a censorship of statesmen and men of the world. The man who fights his way through London streets can't stop to lament over every splash and puddle which might shock poor Cowper's nervous sensibility.

The last poem of the series, however, "Retirement," showed that Cowper had a more characteristic and solacing message to mankind than a mere rehearsal of the threadbare denunciations of luxury. "The

Task" revealed his genuine power. There appeared those admirable delineations of country scenery and country thoughts which Sainte-Beuve detaches so lovingly from the mass of serious speculation in which they are embedded. What he, as a purely literary critic, passed over as comparatively uninteresting gives the exposition of Cowper's intellectual position. The poem is in fact a political, moral, and religious disquisition, interspersed with charming vignettes, which, though not obtrusively moralized, illustrate the general thesis. The poetical connoisseur may separate them from their environment, as a collector of engravings might cut out the illustrations from the now worthless letterpress. The poor author might complain that the most important moral was thus eliminated from his book. But the author is dead, and his opinions don't much matter. To understand Cowper's mind, however, we must take the now obsolete meditation with the permanently attractive pictures. To know why he so tenderly loved the slow windings of the sinuous Ouse, we must see what he thought of the great Babel beyond. It is the distant murmur of the great city that makes his little refuge so attractive. The general vein of thought which appears in every book of the poem is most characteristically expressed in the fifth, called "The Winter Morning Walk." Cowper strolls out at sunrise in his usual mood of tender playfulness, smiles at the vast shadow cast by the low winter sun, as he sees upon the cottage wall the

Preposterous sight! the legs without the man.

He remarks, with a passing recollection of his last sermon, that we are all shadows; but turns to note the cattle cowering behind the fences; the labourer carving the haystack; the woodman, going to work, followed by his half-bred cur, and cheered by the fragrance of his short pipe. He watches the marauding sparrows, and thinks with tenderness of the fate of less audacious birds; and then pauses to examine the strange fretwork erected at the milldam by the capricious freaks of the frost. Art, it suggests to him, is often beaten by Nature; and his fancy goes off to the winter palace of ice erected by the Russian empress. His friend Newton makes use of the same easily allegorized object in one of his religious writings; though I know not whether the poet or the divine first turned it to account. Cowper, at any rate, is immediately diverted into a meditation on "human grandeur

and the courts of kings." The selfishness and folly of the great give him an obvious theme for a dissertation in the true Rousseau style. He tells us how "kings were first invented"—the ordinary theory of the time being that political—deists added religious—institutions were all somehow "invented" by knaves to impose upon fools. "War is a game," he says, in the familiar phrase,

Which were their subjects wise  
Kings would not play at.

But, unluckily, their subjects are fools. In England, indeed—for Cowper, by virtue of his family traditions, was in theory a sound Whig—we know how far to trust our kings; and he rises into a warmth on behalf of liberty for which he thinks it right to make a simple-minded apology in a note. The sentiment suggests a vigorous and indeed prophetic denunciation of the terrors of the Bastille, and its "horrid towers and dungeons."

There's not an English heart that would not leap

To hear that ye were fallen at last!

Within five or six years English hearts were indeed welcoming the event thus foretold as the prospects of a new era of liberty. Liberty, says Cowper, is the one thing which makes England dear. Were that boon lost,

I would at least bewail it under skies  
Milder, amongst a people less austere;  
In scenes which, having never known me free,  
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.\*

So far Cowper was but expressing the sentiments of Rousseau, omitting, of course, Rousseau's hearty dislike for England. But liberty suggests to Cowper a different and more solemn vein of thought. There are worse dungeons, he remembers, than the Bastille, and a slavery compared with which that of the victims of French tyranny is a trifle—

There is yet a liberty unsung  
By poets, and by senators unpraised,  
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the  
power  
Of earth and hell confederate take away.

The patriot is lower than the martyr, though more highly prized by the world; and Cowper changes his strain of patriotic

\* Mr. Tennyson suggests the same consolation in the lines ending—

Yet wait me from the harbour-mouth,  
Wild winds, I seek a warmer sky;  
And I will see before I die  
The palms and temples of the South.



fervour into a prolonged devotional comment upon the text

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves besides.

Who would have thought that we could glide so easily into so solemn a topic from looking at the quaint freaks of morning shadows? But the charm of "The Task" is its sincerity; and in Cowper's mind the most trivial objects really are connected by subtle threads of association with the most solemn thoughts. He begins with mock heroics on the sofa, and ends with a glowing vision of the millennium. No dream of human perfectibility, but the expected advent of the true Ruler of the earth is the relief to the palpable darkness of the existing world. "The Winter Walk" traces the circle of thought through which his mind invariably revolves.

It would be a waste of labour to draw out in definite formula the systems adopted, from emotional sympathy, rather than from any logical speculation, by Cowper and Rousseau. Each in some degree owed his power—though Rousseau in a far higher degree than Cowper—to his profound sensitiveness to the heavy burden of the time. Each of them felt like a personal grief, and exaggerated in a disordered imagination, the weariness and the forebodings more dimly present to contemporaries. In an age when old forms of government had grown rigid and obsolete, when the stiffened crust of society was beginning to heave with new throes, when ancient faiths had left mere husks of dead formulæ to cramp the minds of men, when even superficial observers were startled by vague omens of a coming crash or expected some melodramatic regeneration of the world, it was perhaps not strange that two men, tottering on the verge of madness, should be amongst the most impressive prophets. The truth of Butler's speculation that nations, like individuals, might go mad was about to receive an apparent confirmation. Cowper, like Rousseau, might see the world through the distorting haze of a disordered fancy, but the world at large was strangely disordered, and the smouldering discontent of the inarticulate masses found an echo in their passionate utterances. Their voices were like the moan of a coming earthquake.

The difference, however, so characteristic of the two countries, is reflected by the national representatives. Nobody could be less of a revolutionist than Cowper. His whiggism was little more than a

tradition. Though he felt bound to denounce kings, to talk about Hampden and Sidney, and to sympathize with Mrs. Macaulay's old-fashioned republicanism, there was not a more loyal subject of George III., or one more disposed, when he could turn his mind from his pet hares to the concerns of the empire, to lament the revolt of the American colonies. The awakening of England from the pleasant slumbers of the eighteenth century—for it seems pleasant in these more restless times—took place in a curiously sporadic and heterogeneous fashion. In France the spiritual and temporal were so intricately welded together, the interests of the State were so deeply involved in maintaining the faith of the Church, that conservatism and orthodoxy naturally went together. Philosophers rejected with equal fervour the established religious and the political creed. The new volume of passionate feeling, no longer satisfied with the ancient barriers, poured itself in both cases into the revolutionary channel. In England no such plain and simple issue existed. We had our usual system of compromises in practice, and hybrid combinations of theory. There were infidel conservatives and radical believers. The man who more than any other influenced English history during that century was John Wesley. Wesley was to the full as deeply impressed as Rousseau with the moral and social evils of the time. We may doubt whether Cowper's denunciations of luxury owed most to Rousseau's sentimental eloquence or to the matter-of-fact vigour of Wesley's "Appeals." Cowper's portrait of Whitefield—"Leuconomus," as he calls him, to evade the sneers of the cultivated—and his frequent references to the despised sect of Methodists, reveal the immediate source of much of his indignation. So far as those evils were caused by the intellectual and moral conditions common to Europe at large, Wesley and Rousseau might be called allies. Both of them gave satisfaction to the need for a free play of unsatisfied emotions. Their solutions of the problem were of course radically different; and Cowper only speaks the familiar language of his sect when he taunts the philosopher with his incapacity to free man from his bondage:

Spend all the powers  
Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise,  
Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,  
And with poetic trappings grace thy prose  
Till it outmantle all the pride of verse;

where he was perhaps, as Sainte-Beuve

suggests, thinking of Rousseau, though Shaftesbury was the more frequent butt of such denunciations. The difference in the solution of the great problem of moral regeneration was facilitated by the difference of the environment. Rousseau, though he shows a sentimental tenderness for Christianity, could not be orthodox without putting himself on the side of the oppressors. Wesley, though feeling profoundly the social discords of the time, could take the side of the poor without the need of breaking in pieces a rigid system of class-privilege. The evil which he had to encounter did not present itself as tyranny oppressing helplessness, but as a general neglect of reciprocal duties verging upon license. On the whole, therefore, he took the conservative side of political questions. When the American war gave the first signal of coming troubles, the combinations of opinion were significant of the general state of mind. Wesley and Johnson denounced the rebels from the orthodox point of view with curious coincidence of language. The only man of equal intellectual calibre who took the same side unequivocally was the arch-infidel Gibbon. The then sleepy Established Church was too tolerant or too indifferent to trouble him: why should he ally himself with Puritans and enthusiasts to attack the government which at once supported and tied its hands? On the other side, we find such lovers of the established religious order as Burke associated with free-thinkers like Tom Paine and Horne Tooke. Tooke might agree with Voltaire in private, but he could not air his opinions to a party which relied in no small measure on the political zeal of sound dissenters. Dissent, in fact, meant something like atheism combined with radicalism in France; in England it meant desire for the traditional liberties of Englishmen, combined with an often fanatical theological creed.

Cowper, brought up amidst such surroundings, had no temptation to adopt Rousseau's sweeping revolutionary fervour. His nominal whiggism was not warmed into any subversive tendency. The labourers with whose sorrows he sympathized might be ignorant, coarse, and drunken; he saw their faults too clearly to believe in Rousseau's idyllic conventionalities, and painted the truth as realistically as Crabbe: they required to be kept out of the public house, not to be liberated from obsolete feudal disqualifications; a poacher, such as he described, was not the victim of a brutal aristocracy,

but simply a commonplace variety of thief. And, on the other hand, when he denounced the laziness and selfishness of the establishment, the luxurious bishops, the sycophantic curates, the sporting and the fiddling and the card-playing parson, he has no thought of the enmity to Christianity which such satire would have suggested to a French reformer, but is mentally contrasting the sleepiness of the bishops with the virtues of Newton or Whitefield.

"Where dwell these matchless saints?" old Curio cries.

"Even at your side, sir, and before your eyes, The favour'd few, the enthusiasts you despise."

And, whatever be thought of Cowper's general estimate of the needs of his race, it must be granted that in one respect his philosophy was more consequent than Rousseau's. Rousseau, though a deist in theory, rejected the deist conclusion, that whatever is, is right; and consequently the problem of how it can be that men, who are naturally so good, are in fact so vile, remained a difficulty, only slurred over by his fluent metaphysics about free-will. Cowper's belief in the profound corruption of human nature supplied him with a doctrine less at variance with his view of facts. He has no illusions about the man of nature. The savage, he tells us, was a drunken beast till rescued from his bondage by the zeal of the Moravian missionaries; and the poor are to be envied, not because their lives are actually much better, but because they escape the temptations and sophistries of the rich and learned.

But how should this sentiment fit in with Cowper's love of nature? In the language of his sect nature is generally opposed to grace. It is applied to a world in which not only the human inhabitants, but the whole creation is tainted with a mysterious evil. Why should Cowper find relief in contemplating a system in which waste and carnage play so conspicuous a part? Why, when he rescued his pet hares from the general fate of their race, did he not think of the innumerable hares who suffered not only from guns and greyhounds, but from the general annoyances incident to the struggle for existence? Would it not have been more logical if he had placed his happiness altogether in another world, where the struggles and torments of our every-day life are unknown? Indeed, though Cowper, as an orthodox Protestant, held that ascetic practices ministered simply to

spiritual conceit, was he not bound to a sufficiently galling form of asceticism? His friends habitually looked askance upon all those pleasures of the intellect and the imagination which are not directly subservient to the religious emotions. They had grave doubts of the expediency of his studies of the pagan Homer. They looked with suspicion upon the slightest indulgence in social amusements. And Cowper fully shared their sentiments. A taste for music, for example, generally suggests to him a parson fiddling when he ought to be praying; and he, again following the lead of Newton, remarks upon the Handel celebration as a piece of grotesque profanity. The name of science calls up to him a pert geologist, declaring after an examination of the earth

That He who made it, and revealed its date  
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.

Not only is the great bulk of his poetry directly religious or devotional, but on publishing "The Task" he assures Newton that he has admitted none but scriptural images, and kept as closely as possible to scriptural language. Elsewhere he quotes Swift's motto, "*Vive la bagatelle*," as a justification of "John Gilpin." Fox is recorded to have said that Swift must have been fundamentally a good-natured man because he wrote so much nonsense. To me the explanation seems to be very different. Nothing is more melancholy than Swift's elaborate triflings, because they represent the efforts of a powerful intellect passing into madness under enforced inaction, to kill time by childish occupation. And the diagnosis of Cowper's case is similar. He trifles, he says, because he is reduced to it by necessity. His most ludicrous verses have been written in his saddest mood. It would be, he adds, "but a shocking vagary" if the sailors on a ship in danger relieved themselves "by fiddling and dancing; yet sometimes much such a part act I." His love of country sights and pleasures is so intense because it is the most effectual relief. "Oh!" he exclaims, "I could spend whole days and nights in gazing upon a lovely prospect! My eyes drink the rivers as they flow." And he adds, with his characteristic tone of thought, "if every human being upon earth could feel as I have done for many years, there might perhaps be many miserable men among them, but not an unawakened one could be found from the Arctic to the Antarctic circle." The earth and the sun itself are, he says, but "baubles:" but they are baubles

which alone can distract his attention from more awful prospects. His little garden and greenhouse are playthings lent to him for a time, and soon to be left. He "never framed a wish or formed a plan," as he says in "The Task," of which the scene was not laid in the country; and when the gloomiest forebodings unhinged his mind, his love became a passion. He is like his own prisoner in the Bastille playing with spiders. All other avenues of delight are closed to him; he believes, whenever his dark hour of serious thought returns, that he is soon to be carried off to unspeakable torments; all ordinary methods of human pleasure seem to be tainted with some corrupting influence; but whilst playing with his spaniel or watching his cucumbers, or walking with Mrs. Unwin in the fields, he can for a moment distract his mind with purely innocent pleasures. The awful background of his visions, never quite absent, though often, we may hope, far removed from actual consciousness, throws out these hours of delight into more prominent relief. The sternest of his monitors, John Newton himself, could hardly grudge this cup of cold water presented, as it were, to the lips of a man in a self-made purgatory.

This is the peculiar turn which gives so characteristic a tone to Cowper's loving portraits of scenery. He is like the Judas seen by St. Brandan on the iceberg; he is enjoying a momentary relaxation between the past of misery and the future of anticipated torment. Such a sentiment must, fortunately, be in some sense exceptional and idiosyncratic. And yet, as we have seen, it fell in with the prevailing current of thought. Cowper agrees with Rousseau in finding that the contemplation of scenery, unpolluted by human passion, and the enjoyment of a calm domestic life, is the best anodyne for a spirit wearied with the perpetual disorders of a corrupt social order. He differs from him, as we have seen, in the conviction that a deeper remedy is wanting than any mere political change; in a more profound sense of human wickedness, and, on the other hand, in a narrower estimate of the conditions of human life. His definition of nature, to put it logically, would exclude that natural man in whose potential existence Rousseau theoretically believed. The passionate love of scenery was enough to distinguish him from the poets of the preceding school, whose supposed hatred of nature meant simply that they were thoroughly immersed in the pleasures of a society then first developed in its modern form,

and not yet undermined by the approach of a new revolution. The men of Pope and Addison's time looked upon country squires as bores incapable of intellectual pleasure, and, therefore, upon country life as a topic for gentle ridicule, or more frequently as an unmitigated nuisance. Probably their estimate was a very sound one. When a true poet like Thomson really enjoyed the fresh air, his taste did not become a passion, and the scenery appeared to him as a pleasant background to his "Castle of Indolence." Cowper's peculiar religious views prevented him again from anticipating the wider and more philosophical sentiment of Wordsworth. Like Pope and Wordsworth, indeed, he occasionally uses language which has a pantheistic sound. He expresses his belief that

There lives and works  
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.

But when Pope uses a similar phrase, it is the expression of a distant philosophy which never had much vitality, or passed from the sphere of intellectual speculation to affect the imagination and the emotions. It is a dogma which he holds sincerely, it may be, but not firmly enough to colour his habitual sentiments. With Wordsworth, whatever its precise meaning, it is an expression of an habitual and abiding sentiment, which rises naturally to his lips whenever he abandons himself to his spontaneous impulses. With Cowper, as is the case with all Cowper's utterances, it is absolutely sincere for the time; but it is a doctrine not very easily adapted to his habitual creed, and which drops out of his mind whenever he passes from external nature to himself or his fellows. The indwelling divinity whom he recognizes in every "freckle, streak, or stain," on his favourite flowers seems to be hopelessly removed from his own personal interests. An awful and mysterious decree has separated him forever from the sole source of consolation.

This is not the place to hint at any judgment upon Cowper's theology, or to enquire how far a love of nature, in his sense of the words, can be logically combined with a system based upon the fundamental dogma of the corruption of man. Certainly a similar anticipation of the poetical pantheism of Wordsworth may be found in that most logical of Calvinists, Jonathan Edwards. Cowper, too, could be at no loss for scriptural precedents, when recognizing the immediate voice of God in thunder and earthquakes, or in the calmer voices of the waterbrooks and the mead-

ows. His love of nature, at any rate, is at once of a narrower and sincerer kind than that which Rousseau first made fashionable. He has no tendency to the misanthropic or cynical view which induces men of morbid or affected minds to profess a love of savage scenery simply because it is savage. Neither does he rise to the more philosophical view which sees in the seas and the mountains the most striking symbols of the great forces of the universe to which we must accommodate ourselves, and which might therefore rightfully be associated by a Wordsworth with the deepest emotions of reverential awe. Nature is to him but a collection of "baubles," soon to be taken away, and he seeks in its contemplation a temporary relief from anguish, not a permanent object of worship. He would dread that sentiment as a deistical form of idolatry; and he is equally far from thinking that the natural man, wherever that vague person might be found, could possibly be a desirable object of imitation. His love of nature, in short, keen as it might be, was not the reflection of any philosophical, religious, or political theory. But it was genuine enough to charm many who might regard his theological sentiments as a mere recrudescence of an obsolete form of belief. Mr. Mill tells us how Wordsworth's poetry, little as he sympathized with Wordsworth's opinions, solaced an intellect wearied with premature Greek and over-doses of Benthamism. Such a relief must have come to many readers of Cowper, who would put down his religion as rank fanaticism, and his satire as anile declamation. Men suffered even then — though Cowper was a predecessor of Miss Austen — from existing forms of "life at high pressure." If life was not then so overcrowded, the evils under which men were suffering appeared to be even more hopeless. The great lesson of the value of intervals of calm retreat, of silence and meditation, was already needed, if it is now still more pressing. Cowper said, substantially, "Leave the world," as Rousseau said, "Upset the world." The reformer, to say nothing of his greater intellectual power, naturally interested the world which he threatened more than the recluse whom it frightened. Limited within a narrower circle of ideas, and living in a society where the great issues of the time were not presented in so naked a form, Cowper's influence ran in a more confined channel. He felt the incapacity of the old order to satisfy the emotional wants of mankind, but was content to revive the old



forms of belief instead of seeking a more radical remedy in some subversive or reconstructive system of thought. But the depth and sincerity of feeling which explains his marvellous censorial pathos, is sometimes a pleasant relief to the sentimentalism of his greater predecessor. Nor is it hard to understand why his passages of sweet and melancholy musing by the quiet Ouse should have come like a breath of fresh air to the jaded generation waiting for the fall of the Bastille—and of other things.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### WRECKED OFF THE RIFF COAST.

LIKE most of the towns of Spain and the Orient, Tangiers looks very inviting from the sea, and loses considerably on intimate acquaintance. Nothing can be more attractive than the dazzling houses rising tier over tier in the glossy green of the orange-groves, girdled by the grey walls, and guarded by the frowning battlements, of the fortress, with the whitewash of the whited sepulchre gleaming in the golden glow of an African sunset. And nothing can be much more repulsive than the interior of the tumble-down old city, especially of a rainy day, when each rugged causeway comes down in filthy flood, and the hanging house-eaves are gushing in dingy water-spouts. The rains should wash the place, and no doubt they do; but it would take the flooding of many monsoons to cleanse that Augean stable. For the plateaux above are loaded with the miscellaneous deposits of the dry season, and all the refuse and garbage that had been neglected by the jackals and vultures begin descending towards the sea.

It had come to be our solitary excitement looking out of the windows of the small hotel, and speculating on what would next be whirled past us in the gutter. For we had been storm-bound in Tangiers for four mortal days, ringing the changes between moods savage and sulky, under the disappointment of blighted schemes for sport. We had crossed from "the rock" in the cattle-boat, with light portmanteaus and heavy cases of ammunition, with central-fire breech-loaders, rifles, and revolvers. We had talked confidently at the mess-table of bloody bags, made up of everything from wild boar to woodcock. Arrived at Tangiers, we had interviewed the legation in the absence of its chief, and arranged for the escort of a Moslem

soldier, detailed on the duty of answering for our heads with his own by the local representative of the Moorish viceroy of Allah. Having secured this orthodox warrior's services, we should have felt bound in honour to find him employment, even had we been less eager to be up and doing for our own sakes. Twice we had saddled for the field and sallied resolutely out of the gates, under the gaze of the white-bearded elders who smoked and gossiped in their shadow. The first time we had been driven back by the falling floods before we had got well beyond the shelter of the consular garden walls. On the second occasion we had pushed somewhat farther. Encouraged by some watery blinks of sunshine, and fondly persuading ourselves that the heavens were shutting their sluices, we had persevered against our sounder judgment until it became plain that there had been nothing but a temporary obstruction. It was anything but an agreeable ride, as the wiry little barbs went labouring fetlock-deep through the holding ground, straining their sinewy loins with their hind-legs slipping from beneath them, and now and again half disappearing in a slough that seemed to surge up almost to the saddle-girths. The streamlets we forded were coming down in spate; the stagnant canals were brimming over with brown water; the gardens and enclosures were steaming in the warm air; the solemn storks themselves looked more than ordinarily disconsolate, as if they were being hard put to it to pick up a living in spite of their lengthy legs and necks. Not more disconsolate, however, than Hamet, our soldier-guard, as he did his best to cover the priming of his primitive matchlock and pistol under his draggle-tailed *haik*. Yet persevere we did, till we drew bridle under the lee of the whitewashed tomb of some sainted *marabout*, which looked a likely place to partake of our luncheon-breakfast. It was but a melancholy meal, however, as we bivouacked on spongy grass under the drip of the palm-boughs. We felt somewhat the cheerier for applications to the sherry-bottles and cognac-flasks, which there was no object whatever in economizing; for the moment the meal was at an end we were again in our soaking saddles, bent on escaping back from the plague of water into the comparative comfort of the city we were sick of. Hamet led the way home at a hand-gallop, although the heaviest weight and the most indifferently mounted of the party. But the weather and the example of his unbeliev-

ing employers had been too much for his principles. He had set at defiance the unsociable law of his prophet, and indulged in draughts that were the sweeter for being forbidden. And there he was, shoving along in advance of us, recklessly driving his rusty stirrups into his charger's smoking flanks, and laying the road and showers of mud behind him, regardless of appeals, threats, and imprecations.

Plastered with the mud, and dripping from head to heel, the pitiful *mon dieux* of our sympathizing little landlord had welcomed us home, as we came straggling up the steep street that led to his hostelry. Since then, we had scarcely set foot across his threshold. The rain had been descending remorselessly as ever; depression had passed into despondency, and despondency settled into despair. Hamet, who had haunted the passage like an embodied reproach, had at last been discharged with a suitable guerdon. Our sporting experiences in Morocco had sufficed us. Even should the weather hold up, it must be days before the waters could subside; and our one idea was to effect a retreat, and find ourselves back again among our friends of the garrison.

It is true that we might have been worse off. So much of an admission was wrung out of us as we drew our chairs to the dinner-table of an evening, in the cheery little parlour with the bright chintz paper and gay crimson hangings, with the ormolu clock and candles on the chimney-piece, and the battle-piece of Solferino suspended over the fire, where the president of the Septennate, in his *garance*-coloured pantaloons, was flourishing his *bâton* among volumes of smoke. The little dinner, served to admiration, made way for a voluptuous dessert. On the table were dates and figs, bananas and Tangerine oranges, sparkling crystal, and wax-lights in silver candelabra, long-necked bottles of ruby Bordeaux, with a squat decanter of topaz-tinged Manzanilla. But brightest of all was the visage of our lively host, M. Dumolard, who was easily prevailed upon to gratify us with his company, and who chattered away merrily when he had fairly slipped himself out of his prim court-suit of decorous reserve.

It was on the fifth evening of our sojourn that M. Dumolard, for the third time, had made a movement to withdraw, observing incidentally—

"I will assure you, sares, she shall not sail before to-morrow at midday; I come from seeing M. the captain, and he tells

me the half of the cattle are not loaded as yet. There was a piece of the *bétail* passing down the street but now; messieurs must assuredly have heard them."

So saying, M. Dumolard bowed himself away; and as he closed the door, Jack Roper remarked to me, "I'm quite as well pleased we sha'n't have to make an early start of it, although I believe I should burn myself the brain, as Dumolard would say, if we had forty-eight hours more of this infernal purgatory. By the way, I hope the wind may fall as fast as it got up,"—for, just at that moment, a gust caught hold of the great fig-tree outside and rattled its branches against the case-ment.

Now any one who had the pleasure of Roper's acquaintance in happier days—Captain Roper, V.C., of the —th battery of her Majesty's Royal Regiment of Artillery—would have been sorely puzzled to recognize that genial officer in the morose accents of the foregoing speech. For no one had been in the way of taking life more happily, or had looked more naturally on the lively side of things. As he had been but a few short months before, even monotonous confinement through five wearisome wet days would have sat upon him exceedingly lightly, without the creature-comforts he enjoyed and the agreeable companion who shared his evil fortune. But through the last few months Roper had been changing fast, and thereby hangs the present yarn.

His reputation had gone before him when he got the route for "Gib," and men who only knew him by name were prepared to give him a cordial greeting. In the course of a week or so, he was "Jack" before his face to the set he was shaking down among; while all the rest of the world of the garrison men called him nothing but Jack behind his back. He had a merry eye and an open manner, with the faintest suspicion of an *arrière pensée*—something that warned you he could resent a liberty if need were. He was fairly good at most things, from rackets and billiards to waltzes and whist: he was an earnest and indiscriminate admirer of the fair sex—by the way, the prevailing tints of the rock and the garrison ranged between olive and the colour of parchment—but the ravages on his heart by each evening's flirtation were generally repaired with the morning's reflections. He had a modest certainty beyond his pay, with considerable expectations from a capricious uncle. So naturally he was weighted with a burden of



pecuniary embarrassments, although he contrived to carry them with unimpaired equanimity.

So life went smoothly with him at Gibraltar as it had gone elsewhere, till of a sudden its smooth tenor was ruffled. It was on a certain evening when yawning at the theatre that he set eyes upon the object of his grand passion without a presentiment of his coming fate. He merely admired as he was much in the way of admiring. It certainly struck him as odd next morning, not that the beauty of the evening had been smiling on him in his waking dreams, but that he had asked no one the night before who was the pretty girl opposite. Perhaps, had it been his habit to analyze the philosophy of his feelings, it might have occurred to him that the impression being deeper than he suspected, he had shrunk from the apprehension of hearing something, either to his disadvantage — or hers. She might have been engaged, or married, or on a flying visit — possibly no better than she should be.

He met her again in the Alameda that very afternoon, and she bore the sunshine as well as the gaslight. She was accompanied, too, by the same elderly gentleman who had mounted guard on her at the theatre; but Roper had no eyes for her companion; and, as it happened, the friend who was lounging on his arm had no eyes for any one else.

"Osalez! by all that's infernal!" that gentleman exclaimed in considerable perturbation, pivoting round abruptly and carrying his companion with him. "What! you don't know him?" he proceeded, in answer to Roper's inquiries and expostulations. "Then all I can say is, that is very lucky for you. Bless my soul! Osalez is as much of a public character as his Excellency. Perhaps there isn't a gentleman on the coasts of the Peninsula and Barbary to boot with a more miscellaneous acquaintance — and that's saying something. Osalez! why, he's reprobate of all trades and respectable in none — merchant, money-lender, smuggler, banker, broker — ay, and you may say butcher too. For he contracts to victual the garrison and he coals the fleet. He goes shares with the contrabandistas, and he squares it somehow with the civil guard. He'll fly kites for anybody who makes it worth his while; but somehow when it's Osalez that raises the wind you're apt to be swept off your legs in a hurricane. Yes, you may say it's scandal!" — for Jack had interposed with unusual cogency of

argument, and still more unwonted excitement, pointing out that sleeping partners with smugglers were scarcely likely to obtain government contracts — "you may call it scandal, and I don't profess to speak dispassionately, for he has a bill of mine, and he won't hear of renewing. But where there's a deal of smoke there must be fire, and Osalez lives in a most sulphureous atmosphere — ask any one."

To cut a long story short — a story Roper had latterly bored me with so often, that I had thoroughly mastered all its details — though he did not follow up a conversation that gave him so little satisfaction, he was not to be deterred from making the acquaintance of the beautiful Hebrew. Perseverance has its reward. Often baffled, he succeeded at last, but it was even less easy to improve the acquaintance when he had made it. There was a yawning chasm between a gay young officer and a lady in the ambiguous position of the lovely and wealthy Miss Osalez; and the gossips of the garrison watched his efforts to bridge it with the keenest and most curious interest. The Osalez went out but little into society. Regarded as pariahs by English sets, they held themselves far superior to the "scorpions;" and when Jack had manoeuvred himself into one or two meetings with them, recklessly risking the loss of caste, he found himself opening the trenches in the light of day, under the eye of an exceedingly watchful parent. It was a standing puzzle to him, and a source of perpetual irritation, how that shy fluttering beauty, who divined his admiration and did not seem to dislike it, whose lustrous eyes flashed and fell, and whose colour went and came under his ardent glances, could ever have been bred in such a vulture's nest. For Osalez was as unlike his offspring as might be, and had nothing whatever of the gentle or prepossessing about him. Short and stern, squat and grizzled, something like a sherry-butt rolling along on a couple of quarter-casks, you could only guess his race and religion in the unmistakable *cachet* that nature had stamped upon his nose.

No wonder Esther was shy and fluttered, that the usually off-hand Roper was very ill at ease, or that the shrewd Osalez never relaxed his observations on those rare occasions when the trio came together in society. Roper's presence provoked remark and piqued curiosity. The whole room was wide awake to the unaccustomed visitor, as well as to the little drama that was going forward. Osa-

lez felt that he was being made a fool of. He feared, a little too late perhaps, that the same thing might possibly happen to his daughter; and finally, as the situation grew insupportably tense, he withdrew her into absolute seclusion.

Not being overburdened with military duties, Roper had leisure to indulge his despondency. Although Gibraltar is geographically Andalusian, the place is thoroughly English in pipeclay, pickets, rounds, and police arrangements. There is small toleration for serenades and ropeladders. There is little of that "plucking the turkey," where the Peninsular lover presses and kisses the hands of his adored one through the ponderous window-bars that form her cage. Mr. Abraham Osalez lived in a charming cottage villa looking across to Apeshill—all bay-windows, verandas, and trailing masses of creepers. But Miss Esther was as sequestered in it as if she had been double-locked in a grilled and duenna-guarded chamber of Cadiz, with the windows turned inwards on a Moorish *patio*.

In these desperate circumstances, Roper decided on a dashing *coup*—as he told his story to the present narrator, whom he had installed as his confidant, *bon gré, mal gré*.

"As matters had come to a dead-lock, I thought the best thing to be done was to make Osalez's acquaintance professionally. He wasn't likely to decline to accommodate me on the ground of my being over-sweet upon his daughter; while, on the other hand, you know, it might increase his objection to me, if he heard that I had carried my custom past the family. And the connection seemed likely to be worth having; for, to tell the truth, since I had first set eyes on Esther, I had taken to revoking at whist, and all manner of follies, and it was high time I made arrangements for replenishing my purse. As the novels have it, Osalez was civil but distant when I made my advances, and I can't say he showed me much consideration on account of the romantic sympathy that drew me to him. Since then we have had no end of interviews, but the conversation has confined itself strictly to bills and discount—and now—"

"And now?"

"Now it seems to me I've been making stern-way rather than otherwise. I see much more of Shylock than I like, and just as little as ever of the lady."

So it had gone on. Now, as far as I could gather—and Roper would be only too minute in his confidences—Osalez

was revenging himself in the way of business on the handsome young gunner for all the domestic bother he was causing; and if that were really the Hebrew's game, it must be confessed that Jack played into his hands. What with blighted love, and accumulated money-worries, from being merely profuse he grew reckless. Whether he liked it or no, he had to seek more and more frequent interviews with the hard-fisted father of his Jessica, and the more he saw of him the less he liked him. The odd part of it was, that his growing antipathy for the parent was anything but an antidote to his fancy for the child: in an atmosphere that ought to have nipped it, his love flourished as luxuriantly as the tropical vegetation on the Alameda, and what had begun like a hundred other caprices, had gradually grown into an absorbing sentiment. So between his attraction and repulsion for and from the Osalez family, Roper was losing flesh and spirits: friends and acquaintances began to fall away from him; the regimental doctor prescribed change of scene, and as he would not be persuaded to banish himself to England, he had got up this flying trip to Tangiers.

And there we are back again, after this long digression, awaiting the precarious departure of the cattle-boat, which lay taking in her cargo in the bay. Dumolard was gone down-stairs, and Jack had begun to fidget in his arm-chair.

"I think I'll just stretch my legs before turning in: one sleeps all the better for being blown about a bit."

"Nonsense, my good fellow. Why, you'll never keep your cigar alight in the wind. The rain has hardly held up for an hour past, and you can hear the street coming down in flood."

But Jack was on his feet and obdurate: Osalez himself could not have been more impracticable, and, after all, the point was scarcely worth arguing. In a few seconds he was back again, looking rather pale and excessively savage.

"Stumbled on a ghost?" I inquired, with some curiosity.

"No such luck," he answered with vindictive vehemence. "I'd sooner be haunted any day in the spirit than the flesh. Whom do you fancy I ran up against, just outside the door, of all impossible people?"

"Why, by the way you take it, I can only suppose it was that eternal *bête noire* of yours, that sets you on to worry me in season and out of season. And though I see no particular reason why he should

not be in Tangiers, it does seem unlikely he should be abroad in such weather and at such an hour. A case of mistaken identity I expect, or perhaps a spectral apparition produced by a fervid imagination, acting on a couple of bottles of claret. I can't say on an empty stomach, although you are so desperately——"

"Hang it, man, it's past a joke. There's a coincidence, a destiny——what do you call it?——about it. I tell you I spoke to him, and made him answer me."

"Well, I suppose I must give in to the evidence of a couple of your senses, for spectres seldom speak when they are spoken to, and ordinary hallucinations don't go from sight to sound. As I said, why should Osalez not be here? He must have irons in the fire at Tangiers as well as everywhere else. But if he has, you may be sure that old gossip, Dumolard, can tell us all about it, and something more. You had better ring the bell, and let's have him up again."

M. Dumolard proved to the full as well informed as I gave him credit for being.

"You ask if monsieur has met M. Osalez. But I believe it well; and why not? While the gentlemen have been detained with me, where, I dare to hope, they have found themselves not too ill," observed M. Dumolard, parenthetically, with a comprehensive bow, "M. Osalez, by a strange hazard, has been sojourning opposite. M. Mordecai, my neighbour, is of the same faith; and indeed I believe is of M. Osalez's relations. In every case M. Osalez has been there, as I say, and his daughter also——*très belle fille, parbleu!* I was admiring her from my belvedere but yesterday, when the weather cleared itself, for a moment——"

"What!" shouted Roper, springing out of the chair into which he had subsided, and making the clock and candles clatter with the violence with which he threw himself against the chimney-piece——"what! you saw Miss Osalez yesterday; and you never told me a word of it. Pshaw! what am I talking of? I beg your pardon, Mr. Dumolard: I forgot you knew nothing; how should you? You were saying, I think, that you saw the lady——"

And Jack had the nerve to recover his control as quickly as he had lost it; so that Dumolard, who had at first been scared at the mine he had sprung most innocently, quickly grew flattered at the extreme interest vouchsafed him, and exerted himself to gratify the curiosity he had piqued. The sum of his long story

was, that it was by no means surprising M. Osalez should be here at Tangiers. Quite the contrary. He did more trade with the town than any half-dozen other merchants put together. He had a contract for provisioning the English garrison. "By Jove! and that's true," interposed Roper. He owned the better part of the boat we meant to embark upon. And so on, and so on. M. Dumolard had plenty to tell; and all he had to tell went to magnify the means of the Hebrew.

After that last interpellation of his, Jack seemed somewhat *distrain*. M. Dumolard's facile sympathies and quick perception had told him that the handsome young Englishman's distraction had its origin in a profound interest in the beauty over the way, and to him accordingly he had addressed his animated narrative.

But chilled by the preoccupation that had paid so little heed, his voluble talk flowed more and more sluggishly until, at last, with a slight but expressive motion of his shoulders, he relapsed into resentful silence.

Then my friend took the word, and, with a Machiavellian astuteness for which I should never have given him credit, addressed the Frenchman with the frankness that sat so naturally on him, but with a studied courtesy very foreign to his manners.

"You can do me a great service, M. Dumolard, if you will allow me to make a friend of you and give you my confidence. I am persuaded I can rely absolutely on your discretion."

Our little host was equally flattered and gratified. His face wrinkled amiably as it wreathed itself in friendly smiles; and he stood there bowing and scraping with his jewelled hand pressed upon his flowered waistcoat. It was plain that Jack had bound him to him, body and soul. So there Jack was away at score with the oft-told story——so much of it at least as suited his purpose; and he wound up with an "And now, M. Dumolard, if you only will, you can do me an immense service."

"Monsieur has but to command," M. Dumolard rejoined courteously.

"It strikes me, you see, that as Osalez has so much to do with this boat he means most likely to go over in her."

"And mademoiselle also——nothing more probable," assented M. Dumolard; "specially as he is always immersed in his affairs and enormously pressed for time."

"Exactly so. Now as he is master of the situation, and may send down sailing-

orders at any moment, he's safe to try to steal a march, and leave us planted here; and I'm sure it would be impossible to be more comfortable anywhere," he added, politely, as an after-thought.

Dumolard, however, looked sorely puzzled at the British idioms Jack had slipped into. Jack saw it, tried back, translated, and went on again. "The captain promised to let us know in time—he'd do it too, I think, if it were left to him, if there be gratitude in man or honesty in faces. He smoked a dozen or so of my best *partagas* coming across, and said he liked them; but —"

"But M. Osalez is the master, after all, as you have said—a man who will have his orders attended to. However, gentlemen, confide yourselves to me. Mohammed shall go over to M. Mordecai's and inform himself. He is, as it were, a child of the household. Meanwhile, I shall despatch Achmet to the shore, and ascertain what they are doing on the steamer."

So spoke our zealous ally; and it was no sooner said than done. In ambush behind the darkened window-blind, Jack could watch the effect of Mohammed's mission. Not a gleam of light from the lattices opposite. The envoy knocked at the jealously-barred postern—first gently, and then as loudly as he dared. Not a sign of life on the part of the servants. It was clear the garrison had its orders—more than probable that this unnatural quiet portended a *sortie* later. So Jack took it; and already he was bustling about the baggage. Suspicions changed to certainty on Achmet's return. He had seen the Mary Anne with her steam up. There might have been reasons for that, besides prospect of an early start; it was wildish weather and a shifty wind for a vessel lying in such open anchorage. But to make all sure, Achmet had boarded her with a boat-load of pilgrims, and then he heard from the crew that they expected to be off by morning.

"*Canaille of a capitaine! va!*" ejaculated Dumolard, apostrophizing the absent skipper; "it's always agreed between us that he let me know of the departure of the boat." And Jack was chiming in with some anathemas of his own, when there came a tinkle at the door-bell. It was the arrival of an anonymous and dirty scrawl that had been deposited in Mohammed's hands by a mysterious messenger.

"The Mary Anne may be away by the morning; and you had best burn this bit of writing."

"Our ally the Scotch captain's fist and

caution, for a thousand! Now, M. Dumolard, there's not a shadow of a doubt. Don't let a soul be seen stirring. Have your people ready to carry our traps. Trust to me to keep a bright look-out; and when once our friends opposite are fairly under weigh, we'll slip down quietly on their line of march."

And the lover was transformed into another man, all life and spirit, in place of languid indifference. He positively rubbed his hands at the prospect of a rough night on the straits, with but a plank between him and his mistress—to say nothing of a drenching for them both by way of prelude. As for Dumolard, he had caught fire at the other's excitement. I believe both of them would have forgotten all about the bill had not Mohammed and I been there to remind them.

Roper was an easy-going fellow generally—one of the last men you would have suspected of nerves—yet I could hear his heart thumping on his ribs at the creaking of those heavy bolts of Mordecai's. As for Dumolard, he was dancing behind us like a dervish, now standing on tiptoe to peer out between our shoulders, now doubling himself up for a look from under our arms. I was interested myself, I confess, for there was a strong dash of romance about the scene that was enacting. Hour, one of the clock, or somewhat over. A pale moon riding overhead among watery clouds that generally had the best of her. The plash of the rain. The wind moaning fitfully in the complaining boughs; and not another sound in the silent city, save the howl of a dog, or, it might be, the bark of a jackal. A Moorish archway opening into a *patio*, where you caught a glimpse of a sparkling fountain among the dark orange-trees, the interior lit partly by the fitful moonshine, partly by the reflection of torches held in the passages. Moors were coming and going in snowy raiment; and finally, Roper squeezed my arm hard as a couple of female figures emerged mounted on donkeys in Frankish waterproofs and under Frankish umbrellas. There was no mistake about the man's fancying himself in love, otherwise he would never have gripped me as he did.

The procession got stealthily under weigh, having taken every precaution to attract no notice from our hostelry, which to all appearance must have been buried in slumber. The muzzles of the donkeys were muffled in shawls. The glare of the torches was masked by umbrellas. Enveloped in a Spanish cloak, Osalez stuck



close by his daughter's stirrup, drawing her wrappings carefully around her. We could see him throw up a glance at our windows as he turned out of the yard. As for the lady, whatever she might have known or suspected, she never lifted her eyes.

Roper's head was out of the window before the last of the porters bearing bags and boxes had fairly disappeared round the corner of the house. When we set out in pursuit, it was all we could do to prevail on him to give them law enough, and let them commit themselves fairly to the deep before he ran into them on the steamer. "And after all," as I reminded him, "even when once we are safe on board, I don't see you'll be much advanced. Depend on it, Osalez is Turk enough to condemn the beauty to close sequestration for the passage. I lay you five to one in ponies, if you like, the captain gives her over the cabin you scented so fragrantly with those pet *partagas* of yours."

Jack declined the bet, observing sadly that I might just as well make the five fifty, but added, more sanguinely, that he would trust in pluck and the chapter of accidents to bring them together before the voyage was over. He spoke prophetically, as the sequel will show.

I have tried my hand at a sketch of Scene No. 1—"The Start." Its *pendant*, Scene 2—"The Embarkation"—was even more characteristic. The moon riding overhead as before, but by this time with a more angry halo round her disc, and her wan rays more sinister in their glitter. The waters of the bay heaving and tumbling in breaking outlines that communicated a sympathetic thrill to the diaphragm—the "tideless" sea rolling in upon the beach with a fair imitation of an ugly surf, and a dismal grinding and churning among the pebbles. Considering the bay was half land-locked as the wind came, the strength of the groundswell spoke volumes for what might be awaiting us outside. We had stopped short under the shadow of the houses that swept in a broken crescent round the shore, to observe the proceedings of the party in advance. Had Osalez shown the white feather at the eleventh hour, I for one should have been exceedingly glad of it.

But it was clear that the Jew's mind was made up to play Lord Ullin's daughter with the parts reversed; equally so that the lady's lover had no idea of being left on the shore lamenting.

The torches had been extinguished;

still there was moonlight enough to let us distinguish all that passed. A stalwart Moslem, tearing off his dripping haik, stood revealed in clinging shirt and pantaloons. He caught up in his muscular arms what Jack affirmed to be the fairy form of Miss Osalez, although the bundle might have been a bale of waterproof for all one could tell to the contrary. He balanced himself on his bare and stalwart legs; trode gingerly into the surf, embarrassed as he was with the precious package, and bent his oscillating steps towards a boat that was swaying among the billows.

"The idiot's over with her, by —," ejaculated Roper, as the Moor made a stumble. And he would have rushed to the rescue, regardless of consequences, had not I made a snatch at his arm in time.

"The Moor's as sure-footed as the barb you bucketed so unmercifully a couple of days ago. The lady's as safe in the mean time, at all events, as if she were in bed at her kinsman Mordecai's, as I devoutly wish she were; how it may be towards the small hours is another question, and if you want to be near her when the danger may be real, you had better keep as quiet as may be in the mean time."

Indeed it was plain that the Moor knew his business, and once started he went as steadily as his comrade who was bestridden by the respectable Osalez in person. The boat took them all on board with their belongings, and went pitching away till we lost it in the uncertain light. Now it was our turn. Mordecai's myrmidons had hurried home and left the coast clear. We had taken a touching farewell of Dumolard, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy being soaked in serving a love-affair; not many minutes more and we were rocking in comparatively calm water under the bulging counter of the Mary Anne.

"Passengers" was our answer to the hail from the deck; but it was not till after the lookout had been appealed to again, that the order was given to let down the side-ropes—we fancied we could hear Osalez in suppressed wrath, while the captain was seeking to soothe him in hoarse whispers.

Bluff and weather-beaten sea-dog as he was, that old Scotch skipper had the makings of an actor in him. He came forward into the circle of light thrown by the mate's lantern, looking to any one behind him so far as his pea-jacketed shoulders were concerned, the very embodiment of astonishment and gruff discontent. But

for us, there was a twinkle in his eye that belied his language, as he growled out his surprise at our arrival.

"Never supposed you gentlemen were in any haste to be gone: didn't dream you'd be for quitting comfortable quarters with the weather like to be so coarse."

Jack acknowledged the signal the captain threw out with a faint quiver of his own eyelid.

"Haste indeed, you had our message, hadn't you? You don't suppose we sentenced ourselves to close confinement in this infernal hole till the weather cleared."

"Well, then, captain, I was mistaken, as it would seem, and there's an end of that; unless indeed you would be for putting cannily back again, now you've had some small foretaste of what we may expect round the point. You won't, you say? Very well, then, he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar; but I doubt you'll be scarcely so well put up this time as the last. My bit of a cabin's bespoke; and you'll find some queer-like characters in the saloon."

Some slight confidences that passed in the obscure companion gave the shrewd skipper a fair notion of how the land lay. At all events, when plunging down through the darkness we emerged below in comparative light, I believe it was felt on both sides that we understood each other. The "saloon," as its master was pleased to term it, was far from a tempting apartment in any circumstances. The white-painted boarding of the sides was guiltless of all pretence of decoration. The dingy ceiling was smoked black in the centre by the vilely-smelling lamp that now swung beneath it. It was lucky, perhaps, considering the manners of its present occupants, that there was but a tattered scrap of waxcloth on the floor, for on the benches that ran along the sides of the ship and encircled the battered deal table, were seated a strange company indeed, some of them smoking freely, and all dispensing with spittoons.

"Ay, they're a gey queer lot," repeated the captain, *setto voce*, "gin only you could make them out more clearly through the reek. But with the weather and hindrances in the lading and one thing or another, we've been keepit here longer time than usual, and so all they folk have been gathering in about. These Jews there"—here he sunk his voice to a whisper—"are desperate hard set on money-getting; and wasting time is like wringing out their very heart's blood, otherwise they would hardly be so fond to go over

with us, for they've just a desperate antipathy to the sea."

"You don't think there's danger, captain?" I inquired.

"Danger, no, not to say danger: gin there had been, I would never have taken my orders to sail from old Osalez, with that bonny bit lassie of his brought on board, for, after all, it's me that's answerable. Lord preserve me! what was I saying, gentlemen? Mr. Osalez laid his injunctions on me—well, never mind, we're friends here after all, I hope, and gentlemen forbye; but as I was saying, for danger there's none; but discomfort's another thing, and with the wind and the water souging and sucking us into the Riff shore, it may be longer before we make the rock than some of they fairweather gentlemen will care about."

"Oh, if that's all!" exclaimed Roper. He had been standing on full point at the door that divided this very common outer court from the inner sanctuary that shined his idol. Oh, if that's all!" and he turned greatly relieved to have a look at our fellow-passengers. An odd lot they were, as the captain had remarked. Small as was the cabin, its atmosphere was so dense that we could scarcely embrace them in a single *coup d'œil*, but we could examine them more at leisure as we moved along between them and the table. There were stately Moors in their floating white draperies, with searching black eyes, sallow complexions, and sharpened features, staring before them in *farouche* tranquillity, and reminding me greatly of eagle-owls on the perch. All of them, I remarked, had singularly white and well-shaped hands, especially one venerable *santon* with a snowy beard, who clearly had never put those hands of his to use, although possibly with perpetual genuflexions his knees might be as hard as horn. There was a merchant or two of pure Berber blood, attired very similarly to the Moors, although there were no mistaking the different type of figures. There were a couple of thoroughbred negroes from the remote palm-groves of Timbuctoo, dealing in dates as their staple commodity, and probably speculating in flesh and blood on occasion. There was a Berberized Frenchman, most likely a renegade. But the lives and souls of the motley party were those countrymen of Osalez that the skipper had alluded to. Some of them, by their dress, settlers in Barbary, some of them from the Spanish seaports, not a few naturalized scorpions of the rock,—they were jabbering to each other of gains and exchanges and



every topic connected with money-getting, so far as we could make sense of their *lingua mixta*. One or two salutations I acknowledged from individuals whose faces seemed familiar to me, though I had never dealt with them for cash, cigars, or anything else. But if we could make anything out plainly in that dim pandemonium, it was that we could not possibly stay below in it. Better a fresh hurricane from heaven any day, or beds on the sloppy decks, *à la belle étoile*.

It might be pretty poetry talking of beds *à la belle étoile*, but looking at the matter practically they were altogether out of the question. The decks were as much encumbered as the cabin. The fore part of the ship was given up, of course, to the cattle. Dumolard's information had been accurate enough: scarcely half the animals had been shipped when Osalez took it into his head to be gone. But we were none the better off on that account; rather the reverse indeed in the event of a storm; for instead of being fast wedged as otherwise they would have been, our loosely-secured live freight might break away from their lashings, when, as the mate remarked, there would be the devil to pay, and no mistake. Meanwhile they stamped and dragged at their halters and filled the air with uneasy bellowings that might have seemed ominous of coming disaster had one been much given to superstition.

Under the bulwarks aft, rows of Africans had made themselves as snug as circumstances admitted of. There was a general effect of dark blue cloaks, picked out with white under-garments, of turbans and fezzes, and red and yellow slippers. For besides ordinary passengers we were freighted with a batch of pilgrims taken on contract. They were on their way to establish communication with a screw-steamer chartered from Gibraltar for the Mecca voyage, and advertised to touch at the various ports. While piled in barricades round the cabin skylights, were crates of poultry packed as closely as might be. Many of the cocks had apparently lost their heads already with the heat and stuffiness of their quarters. At all events they had entered on a mad crowing-match at the moon, as if they had mistaken her watery ladyship for the blessed sun at day-dawn.

The captain civilly cleared a space for us between the paddle-boxes, and offered us the run of the gangway overhead. As for Osalez we had seen nothing of him since we came on board, and for the mo-

ment I at least had forgotten both him and his daughter.

A yo-heave-ohing rises from the steerage over the lowing of the oxen. The anchor comes up, the paddles go round, and the Mary Anne is moving. A clumsy tub she was; immensely broad in the beam and round as an apple in her bottom, safe enough, in all conscience so long as she had moderately fair play, but rolling frightfully to the slightest shock on her sides. So it may be imagined how we began to feel it, when at last we drew out from under shelter of the land. I hope Miss Osalez may have been happy below, though I doubt it. I only know that when I last looked down into the main cabin while we were still in the bay, the pipes had gone out, the jabber of voices had been silenced, and nothing was to be heard but groaning, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; while the decks were littered with a moaning mass of miserable humanity, damped occasionally by the flying showers of spray. But all that was comparative elysium to what was to follow. Even out of the shelter there was no wind to speak of, yet the swell was singularly heavy, considering it came from the shore. Soon the decks were nearly as wet as the surrounding water. Wave after wave flooded us forward, each of them having scarcely time to wash out through the scuppers before it was followed by another and another. As for the pious hadjis, they were put through a course of involuntary ablution that should have relieved them from all such ceremonial observances for the rest of their natural lives. Meanwhile the engines were doing their best, but they sobbed like a pair of broken-winded screws, who have been pumping themselves with violent over-exertion. We made pitifully little way, and I felt it was matter for heartfelt congratulation that the gale should have so nearly blown itself out. If we were in difficulties labouring through the aftermath of a storm, how should we have behaved had we been caught in its fury?

I was to have an opportunity of judging before morning. I had sunk into a troubled sleep with Roper's head bobbing against my shoulder, when a tremendous roll flung me forward on my hands and knees in a rush of slimy, briny water. Nothing like a cold douche of the kind to bring the slowest man quickly to his senses. I had staggered to my feet in a moment, instinctively looking out to windward. The moon was brighter than ever overhead, in a sky that would have been clear

but for the fleecy clouds that were drifting with ominous velocity; but when I had time to think about it, I saw the wind had gone right about. That thick grey curtain I started at, came travelling up from Tarifa, slanting uglily in the upper half of it, as yet hanging heavily perpendicular below. Had I been innocent of what was awaiting us when the gale met the ground-swell with the steamer for their plaything, a glance at the captain's face might have warned me. It did not show a sign of fear, but was eloquent with the sense of a terrible responsibility.

I had once been struck by a white squall off Candia, when we barely saved our bacon by the skin of our teeth; but so far as a vivid recollection serves me, it was milder than what we experienced now. For myself I felt assured that it was all over with us; no use attempting to float in such a sea, and the crazy boats would have been overcrowded and swamped, even had we ever succeeded in launching them safely. For a minute or two we were involved in a damp, drifting darkness that might literally be felt, though it thinned and cleared fast as the gale tore it into tatters. It is true the sea did not run so very high, thanks to the conflict of opposing forces; but the jumble and turmoil of the breaking water gave one a good idea of indifferent weather in the Maelstrom. The scene on the one deck and the other baffles description. I could command them both when I had scrambled up on the gangway. The half-drowned oxen were plunging wildly, filling the night with frantic bellowings, those of them at least that had not slipped down on their sides to hang half-strangled in their halters. One or two had broken loose, so had a couple of water-butts, and these last went rattling about like shot in a bottle, making confusion worse confounded. The deck passengers had gone in a rush for the cabin doors, where the leading files had wedged themselves hard and fast. The rest were vociferating and blaspheming for the most part, clutching desperately at each other's garments, or anything else they could make themselves fast to; while a few were down on their knees praying devoutly. A hadji on pilgrimage who goes to the bottom has his felicity assured if he has faith to believe it. The cross-waves were making free with the decks, but as yet there was little danger of being carried overboard, although sundry of the cratefuls of poultry had gone cruising on their own account. The truth is, it was an awful moment for

all of us — Christian or Jew, Mussulman or Pagan.

But the mate backed the captain manfully, and their coolness somewhat steadied the crew. With a couple of men at the wheel, they got the boat before the wind again, and on the whole I thought we were well out of it. For the squall blew over almost as fast as it had come up, leaving nothing worse behind than a fresh nor-westerly breeze, and a sea that was seething in circles like a boiling kettle. At another time I should have been horribly sea-sick; as it was, I was far too busy in helping to secure the frightened cattle.

All at once, the labouring engines came to a standstill. There was a startling cessation of the vibration of the planks beneath our feet. Struck powerless, the steamer fell away, rolling purposelessly in the trough of the waters. There was a general rush amidships, for most of us guessed what had happened.

They say a sense of common calamity tames the wildest and reassures the shyest of animals, making them forget their feuds for the time. The wolf and the sheep have been seen cowering together while being swept down a flood on the same raft of refuge. Roper and Osalez almost rush into each other's arms as they meet over the scuttle of the engine-room.

Roper had clearly kept his head, whoever else might have lost theirs. He was much more curious than excited, when Osalez burst out with, "For God's sake, Captain Roper, is there any danger?"

Roper had come to loathe Osalez, and at that moment he despised him. To bring his daughter to sea in such weather, and then to give a thought to his own miserable safety. So he looked down on him for a moment in silence, and then shouted out, with blunt incivility, "Never fear for yourself, Mr. Osalez. I believe we're safe enough unless the storm comes up again, and you take my word for it, there are some of us who were never born to be drowned."

Probably, in selfish prudence, he would have given much to recall the words the instant they were spoken. At any rate he would quickly have done it from a more generous motive. It was just because he had brought his young daughter on board with him that Osalez had forgotten his enmity for a moment. Reminded of it so brusquely, his angry eastern blood flushed up to his sallow face; but mastering himself with a strong effort, he answered shortly, but not without dignity. Roper's

face got as hot as the Jew's. He would have given the world to atone for that piece of injustice. There was no unsaying his speech, but impulsively he seized his enemy's hand with characteristic vehemence that excited not the slightest response.

"I never was so sorry for anything in my life, Mr. Osalez" — but before he had got further Osalez had turned away with a chilling smile, and a "Forgive me, sir, if I leave you to reassure my daughter." He could scarcely have picked out words to revenge himself more effectually. Had Roper made a snatch at the olive-branch when it was offered, he might have been permitted to share in the work of consolation.

"Just like my luck and temper," he sighed. "I'll never have such a chance again, and — it serves me right."

"Who knows?" I ejaculated vociferously, looking away from the pandemonium on deck upon the surrounding turmoil of waters.

The engines had broken down past mending, but there was no return of the storm; the hours slipped by sluggishly, sea-sickness and oriental fatalism had generally got the upper hand again: most of us seemed resigned to endure stoically till time and the elements should bring us to some haven. I should have been tolerably contented myself, for simple squeamishness sits lightly on one after an escape from sudden death, had it not been for close observation of the skipper and his second in command. I saw them laying their heads together and whispering anxiously, and yet neither of them were men to "shake at shadows."

"Now that it's over, we're all right, captain, are we not?" I took an early opportunity of remarking cheerfully, as I went up to him where he stood on the gangway, peering eagerly out over the paddle-boxes.

His first answer was gruff enough and curt enough. But second thoughts succeeded, making him more civil and explanatory.

"God grant it, sir; but we may have our work cut out for us before breakfast-time, those of us that are men at least, for that lot of Jews and women and pilgrims are worse than the beasts that are bellowing below there." I looked inquiring, so he went on. "Ay, the wind's dropped, and it's as quiet as could be hoped for, and we might float forever, if we had plenty of sea-room, and may be we might rig up some duds of canvas that would

answer well enough till we could get help."

"But, God bless me! man, we're in the Straits of Gibraltar: they've only to get a sight of us and see that we are crippled, and they'll be racing after the salvage from Gibraltar and Algeiras. If you grudge the money, of course —"

"I don't grudge the money, sir; and I'll be bound my owner there, well as he likes it, would cast his about as if it were dirty water if he knew all I could tell him at this moment."

"What is it, then? You may as well take me into the secret; it's my profession to risk my life, you know; and I haven't got a daughter on board."

"Well, then, it's just this. Where would you take us to be now? Somewhere in the course between the rock and Tangiers?"

"Certainly. Where else?"

"Just so, and you would be sair mista'en. The worse luck ours. I haven't sailed the boat here, fair weather and foul, not to have some small acquaintance with the currents. I know the set of them at least, if not their strength; the day'll be breaking on us in another hour at the most, and then —"

"Then?"

"Then I jalous we'll be no that far from the Riff coast; and with the air this way and the steamer helpless, I don't see what's to save us from going ashore. So you'll have to stand by us, if need be, when the time comes: that's what I wanted to say to you; and now I must be off to see after they bellowing beasts of cattle."

A pleasant hearing truly. I had heard something of currents and under-tows in the straits. I had seen the sea running like a millrace off the opposite point of Tarifa. And I had heard even more of the Riffs than the currents — the most savage and lawless tribe of the wild and warlike population of Morocco. Living almost under the guns of our great Mediterranean garrison, they were as reckless of life and as much of pirates within the limit of their means, as any rovers who ever put out from Salee. Fiercely independent of control, their emperor had very little to say to them. I had listened to stories of garrison yachts becalmed in that dangerous neighbourhood, whose owners, although not men to make parade of their piety or their fears, had expressed most heartfelt gratitude for hairbreadth escapes. A broken-down steamer would be the most tempting of prizes; and here were we with the most helpless of freights, our

passengers sure to be panic-stricken or unmanageable at the very first appearance of danger. I saw how it would be, when I went to take Roper into my council, and I had fresh proof, too, of how ridiculously he had fallen in love. As brave a fellow as need be, in thinking of Miss Osalez he lost courage altogether for the moment; then immediately he was a man again and something more, in the hope that the chance he had missed would come back to him. "We must save her somehow," was all he said; and, upon my word, I believe he thought no more of myself and the rest of us, than I did of the "Mary Anne" with her cattle.

One has witnessed the enthusiasm of an audience when the dull curtain flying upwards to the spring unveils some brilliant effect of the scene-painter. Passive actors in an agitating drama, the crew and passengers of the Mary Anne were in no mood to be enthusiastic about anything; yet I imagine there were few of them but must have been impressed in a way with the view that burst upon us with the breaking of the morning. We had been pitching and rolling in a dense watery vapour, which had been slowly thinning from black to grey as the doubtful light came filtering through it. Of a sudden we felt some fresh puffs of wind, and at the signal there was a vivid reddening overhead like the fierce reflection of a fire from behind a canopy of canvas. Then a round ball of flame burned out above the eastern horizon, and the veil that had wrapped us hitherto floated away as by enchantment. The glorious range of the Atlas seemed within arm's reach. Peak rose on peak, their rocky foreheads flashing out in rosy effulgence, although here and there one of the shaven scalps was swathed in a white vapoury turban, while shreds of the veil that had been about us but the moment before were still clinging round the mountains' waists or were to be seen streaming away over their shoulders. In the sweep of an amphitheatre, those mountains embraced a bay, that still lay with their spurs and their lower limbs in the coldest and deepest shadow, except here and there to the westward, where some solitary sun-shaft, shooting down through a crevice in the serrated crests, had fallen in a line of light on the strip of pearly beach. There was very little beach, though: whatever the glories of the scenery in the eye of the artist, it was as ugly a bit of coast from the mariner's point of view as you need care to look upon. Jagged rocks sinking

almost to the water's edge; long rugged reefs running out here and there, uplifting their heads in the most unlooked-for places, their slimy, weed-covered backs seeming to rise and fall on the swell like so many hideous sea-monsters waiting to swallow any castaways.

I knew not whether the noise of the swell breaking into surf, deadened though it had been by the distance, had given the captain preliminary warning of the imminent dangers awaiting us. I had not spoken to him for the last hour or so. All I know is, that so far as Roper and myself were concerned, that bit of surprise was dramatic enough in all conscience; and before we had well time to exchange an ejaculation, a common thrill had run round the ship, followed by wailing and shrieking almost as loud and wild as that we had listened to when the squall caught us in the night-time. It said more for the skipper's nerve than veracity that he belated, from his stand on the gangway, an assurance that we were in no manner of peril. His Scotch speech was Sanskrit to the most of the mob, and if any one had listened to him nobody would have believed him. Instinctively I swept the sea-board northwards, to see if there were assistance in sight. There was nothing visible but one faint dark line of smoke. Gladly should I have given all I possessed in the world could we have been transhipped on board that invisible steamer.

"For heaven's sake, Esther—Miss Osalez, I mean—don't alarm yourself!"

The voice was Roper's; and when I wheeled round upon him, there was his beautiful lady-love half-reclining in his arms. Don't believe that the fair dove had flown thither naturally, when she came fluttering up from the cabin at the sounds of lamentation on the deck. But a tall Berber, "scroodging" like every one else, had sent her spinning aside with a shove from his square shoulder-blade, and that lucky Roper had been on the spot to receive her, and now he stood steady and soothing her a considerably longer time than was in any way necessary. Most ungratefully he cast one truculent glance at the unconscious Mussulman who had acted as the rough go-between of love.

If Miss Osalez apparently found some consolation in having her ruffled plumage smoothed by that firm but gentle hand, it would have been hard to blame her. The circumstances were excuse enough for abridging ceremony; and then she had known Jack so long as a devoted admirer,



who had stooped from his higher position in society to make a fool of himself for her pretty face. There was assurance besides, as well as most delicious flattery, in seeing him not only cool but happy, when most people about him were in miserable panic. When the ground has been cleared beforehand, love-making naturally goes forward at a gallop in a supreme crisis of the kind; and to do him bare justice, Jack was the very man to profit by so fair an opportunity. Miss Osalez disengaged herself leisurely with a grateful smile and a murmur, which of course he had to stoop his head to hear. She let him support her to one of the benches aft, where he deposited her carefully out of the way of the general confusion. As for the father, he stuck by the pair, but made no objection. Jack's coolness had its influence on him too: apparently he began to regard the stalwart gunner as a life-buoy that it would be as well to keep within reach of the family—at all events, in the mean time.

For the more you looked at the situation the less you liked it. Our close vicinity to the land showed how fast the vessel must have drifted; and the set on the surface was still inshore, although it seemed as if some counter under-flow must be putting the drag on. It was a simple calculation, however, that if nothing could be done in arrest of our fate, we should know the best and the worst of it in an hour or so.

All this passed off of course far more quickly than I have written it. I was on the point of going in search of the captain, when he spared me the trouble by coming to accost me.

"A bad job, sir. I trust you and your friend will lend us a helping hand."

"You may count upon us, captain; but what's become of your crew?"

"The crew, sir,—a wheen feckless, mutinous idiots! No, no; there's no a man we can reckon upon, forbye the mate and the engineer lad, who's a Yankee; and maybe—ay, there's an dependable hand in the forecabin—that's Davidson."

"It might be well to see to the boats in case of accidents, eh?"

"Accidents!—it'll be nothing but an accident if anything save us; and that you may lay your account wi'. Boats! od, the only boat I would trust to swim in siccan a sea as yon, got a boom through her bottom the time o' the squall, when the foresail was blown out o' the bolt-ropes. And as you may see yourself, all they

Moorish and Jewish riffraff are making a rush for them already: if they should get them launched, they'll droon the sooner; but it's no worth disputing it with them, one way or another."

I might have laughed at another time at the skipper's peculiar philanthropy; but now it was anything but a laughing matter. "What the deuce do you mean us to do, then? Is there no means of bringing us up with the anchor?"

"It's our best hope, and it might easily be better. I doubt the ground-tackle's some the worse for wear, though it did hold us in Tangiers Bay yestreen, and it's bad mooring-ground here; and then gin once the cable rub on they reefs, it would snap like a tow in the flame of a candle. We'll do our endeavour anyhow; and that's what brought me here to speak to you."

"I'll tell my friend what you say, and you may depend on us."

"Ay," said the captain, glancing over to where Roper was lounging about in contemplation of Esther Osalez. "It may be bad for us men, should we take our lives ashore with us; but it'll be worse, maybe, for some of the rest of us."

"Well, one good thing is, the coast seems quiet enough in the mean time—not a sign of life stirring anywhere."

"That's all you ken about it. Beg pardon, sir, but I'll be bound now that they cliffs are swarming with these Riff deevils, if we could only see them. And it's like there will be ane o' those douars o' theirs, as they call their rickles of villages, up that bit of a gully. There's gey good pasturing about the nooks on the hillside, for all that it looks gruesome and barren. But I've no time for clavers, for here comes the mate, and it's like he's found the powther-barrel: we may as well be signalling with the bit brass gun we've got—there's the reek of a steamer there, and maybe they might hear us, though she be to windward. And, talking of powther, I wish you and Captain Roper would get up your arms and ammunition. You may have wilder sport than you missed at Tangiers before all's said and done."

The ancient piece of brazen ordnance made more noise than I should have fancied possible: the reverberation went rolling about among the rocks in the amphitheatre of mountains. Whether our friends in the steamer heard it or not, it was very certain to give the alarm on the Riff coast. With that feeling strong upon me, I dived below to look after the arms.

Roper was after me the next instant. "I say, old fellow, I think everything's going as swimmingly as possible."

"The devil it is," was my unsympathetic rejoinder.

"Yes, I know it ought to be no time for philandering; but isn't she a beauty, and such pluck. What do you mean taking the guns out of their cases, when everything's still dripping on the decks?"

"We may want them before the day's an hour older—that's to say, if you don't intend that we shall all be made peaceable prize of by these Riff savages."

A new light seemed to burst on Roper, and certainly I had no cause now to complain of his amorous distraction. He unpacked and overhauled our armoury and ammunition with a close and eager attention that augured ill for somebody, should the weapons be brought into play. A second salvo from the brass gun, and another rattle among the Atlas echoes, greeted our return on the deck, each of us loaded like Robinson Crusoe when he took the field against the cannibals. Esther Osalez gave a little scream, notwithstanding Jack's commendations of her courage. However, Jack threw out some private signal in return which seemed to reassure her. Yet we were very visibly drawing nearer to the shore. Now the sun was lighting everything down to the water's edge, and by this time the foreground had become unpleasantly animated. We were close enough to distinguish with the naked eye the dresses of the groups who were clustering at the mouth of the ravine the captain had remarked upon. And carrying the eye upwards and inland, I could see other individuals scrambling down grooves in the rocks that might have been footpaths, but looked as if they had been worn by the rainfall. It was plain that these apparent solitudes were peopled by an eminently industrious population, indefatigable in their particular avocation, and ready enough to help their providence when it sent them a godsend in the shape of a ship.

The stir that was going on ashore quickened the captain's movements, and impelled him to try our last chance of safety. Moreover, a stronger current had just laid hold of us, as we could tell by the increased velocity of the foam bubbles that went swirling past our sides.

"I doubt if the anchor'll grip yet; but it is best trying." The cable rattled through the hawse-hole as the anchor went over the side; we waited anxiously for the jerk that should have brought us

up; but the sense of being swept smoothly onwards towards our fate was never lightened for a single moment. The captain shook his head ominously; the Yankee engineer's long face grew visibly longer, as he thrust his hands viciously to the very bottom of his trouser-pockets. So we manned the capstan gloomily, and brought the anchor up again; by the way, nothing could be less reassuring than the fretted strands of the cable. And still the steamer was setting steadily for the shore. The warm sun was drying the limpid air till we could observe the most minute details of the preparations made to receive us. The wild groups were gesticulating fiercely. Stalwart figures were flourishing lances and fumbling over matchlocks of portentous length. What was more serious, it was not merely a question of patience with them—of waiting till the friendly currents should wash the precious waif to their feet. For more than one long boat had been dragged down from its berth in the sides of the ravine, and was bobbing about by this time in the waters of the little estuary. Masts were being stepped and yards hoisted. And, "Od, sirs, they'll lay us aboard in the twinkling of a bed-post if we don't find the means of fending them off!" ejaculated the captain.

But in the mean time a bustle on board distracted our attention. The sight of the threatening preparations on the land had changed the abject panic of our passengers into the passing courage of desperation. Better to chance it on the troubled straits than trust the tender mercies of the Riffs. There was a rush made on the only boat, some members of the demoralized crew taking the lead; and somehow it was lowered without upsetting. The captain eased his conscience with a warning of its state, which went altogether unheeded. "Ye madmen! ye daft, doited idiots! I tell you she makes water like a bauchled boot; and she's bound to sink with you if you put over for the Spanish side." But, all the same, a ladder was let down, and a human cascade of hadjis and Jews and mongrel sailors began to precipitate itself over the side. The crazy tub floated comparatively comfortably under the steamer's lee. They managed to shove off before it was filled to the swamping-point; and, selfishly speaking, we could well spare them. Yet much of the company they left behind with us was even less desirable. There were the women and the children, the old and the feeble, all harmless and helpless; but besides



there was an ugly knot of sturdy Moslem fatalists. As no exertions of man could help him to elude his destiny, they had declined to scramble for accommodation in the boats. Besides, they might possibly think they had another chance. The miscreants ashore, though their hands were against most people, were after all of their own blood and faith. A judicious onset at the propitious moment might make them masters of the rest of us — infidel dogs, to be handed over as a peace-offering to our enemies.

"It's likely, doubtless, that may be their notion," responded the captain, when I suggested the idea. "And we'll do wisely to hold together when we go about our work, and keep an eye on each other and on them in case of accidents."

The weapons we could muster were dealt out, so that five out of the half-dozen of an effective force were formidably armed. Roper and myself had handy breech-loading carbines, the very thing for the circumstances. warranted deadly up to three hundred ya *as*, and revolvers into the bargain. The captain and his mate had our No. 12 central-fires, loaded with B.B. cartridges, that would scatter like case-shot at short ranges. The Yankee engineer, backwoods-bred, had taken kindly to a ponderous ducking-gun. Mr. Davidson, able seaman, had to content himself with the rusty fowling-piece belonging to the vessel, and a pike he contrived to improvise for the occasion.

While making our preparations, the Moslems watched us gloomily, huddling themselves together, draping themselves in their mantles, and fumbling beneath them, possibly at daggers, as if by way of counter-demonstration. Aft on the quarter-deck the Osalez had kept themselves very much to themselves. Certainly their isolation was by no particular wish of the young lady's, and indeed she seemed to gain something more than courage from the affectionate looks her lover threw at her. She actually seemed to enjoy the excitement, and at all events had brightened up amazingly with the beautiful morning. She had let a great burnoose slip back on her pretty shoulders, and coquettishly adjusted her brilliant neck-ribbon. Positively, I saw her slip off her hat when Roper's back was turned, and, producing a tiny brush and comb from somewhere in her raiment, proceed to smooth those magnificent tresses of hers. It was sure she did not realize the worst terrors of her situation, or her eyes and cheeks would scarcely have been so lustrous.

Her father did. Evidently he was exceedingly sorry for himself, and, perhaps, to do him justice, still more anxious for her. Knocking about the straits and the African coast in the way of his very promiscuous business, he could scarcely have been altogether unaccustomed to danger. But this time the danger was far graver than usual, and then, as a careful man of business, he was irritated at having rushed into it wantonly. *Que diable* were he and his daughter doing on board of that unlucky *galère* at all? — at any rate, why had they insisted on sailing so soon, instead of waiting more favourable weather? Why indeed? All because of that bull-headed Englishman, who, after persecuting them with his attentions in Gibraltar, would come blundering up against them in Tangiers, suggesting ideas of abductions and elopements. He blamed poor Roper for his own folly, and in fact was frank enough to blurt out as much, trusting, it may be assumed, to the impunity insured him by that virgin-worship of Jack's which offended him. Were my life prolonged for a century I should never forget the figure he cut. He had got himself up against the night chills in a rough fur cap, a shaggy poncho, and a pair of ponderous riding-boots. Slung on one shoulder was a leathern bag, whose contents might possibly be inestimably precious. Swinging to the other was a bell-mouthed blunderbuss of his own, a most formidable weapon at close quarters. He paced round the spot where his daughter was seated with the methodical regularity of a sentinel on duty, but with the sullen ferocity of a wolf or hyæna exercising itself behind the bars of its cage. Every now and then he would stop to pull his daughter's wrapper more closely round her, giving her a savage pat of affection and encouragement. Then he would mutter, and make a dash out along the decks, probably bringing up alongside of Roper, who appeared to fascinate him with an odd attraction of repulsion. As the Moors on shore got more forward with their preparations he had grown more excited, until he began almost to rave.

"You've been persecuting us on the rock for these months past, and what evil demon brought you after us to Tangiers, Captain Roper? Should I ever return again in safety to my home —"

He looked the Shylock all over as he left the menace unspoken. Jack on his side burst out this time, but it was neither the unreasonable charge nor the implied threat he took fire at.

"What demon tempted you, you miserable man, to bring your daughter into such fearful peril for your blind, idiotical fancies? As if I had ever dreamed you were in Tangiers till that unlucky hour you ran into my arms."

The indignation in his eyes was the more terrible in a man habitually so calm and good-tempered. Osalez was overmastered and perhaps conscience-stricken. At all events, he said nothing, though he stood his ground, till Jack, who remembered himself, made a mighty effort over his temper, and extended his hand.

"Forgive me, Mr. Osalez, and set my speech off against yours. We have each of us grievances, it seems, and if I have done anything to make your life uncomfortable, again I entreat your pardon frankly. Surely when we are meeting a common danger, and know not what the next hour may bring to us, we can afford to forget our anger, and let bygones be bygones."

Osalez hesitated. His daughter had sprung up and drawn near to them at the first sound of the quarrel; her face was flushing with gratitude to the strong and stately Englishman for his forbearance; but, like a sensible girl, she resisted her first impulse to interpose. That would have been enough to harden the heart of her stiff-necked parent. It was the skipper who volunteered for peacemaker.

"Ay, ay, Mr. Osalez, let bygones be bygones, as the captain says. Shake hands, and let us all stand shoulder to shoulder, or else they misbegotten devils 'll be letting us have our kale through the reek long ere dinner-time. Take my word for it."

Sullenly acknowledging the cogency of the argument, the Hebrew touched the proffered hand.

"And now," resumed the captain, "we may as well clear the steamer forward, by heaving some of they brutes of cattle overboard; and when that's done, we'll have another try with the anchor. They're but sorrow and trouble to us, they cattle; but they may possibly divert the notice of our friends on shore there."

"The cattle belong to me," interposed Osalez; "and they're just as well where they are in the mean time. One never knows what may happen."

"But it's me that's responsible for the ship and the souls on board of her. You need not bend your brows that fashion, Mr. Osalez; it's long odds against both of us being spared for the one to dismiss the other."

"But it's no question of life, man—not for me at least," said Osalez, hurriedly, as if appealing to the captain against the doom he dreaded. "The Moors will know me: there are those on board who will tell them; though heaven knows what they may have out of me for ransom."

The captain gave his shoulders a shrug worthy of Dumolard. I couldn't help whispering to Roper, "A beautifully unselfish character, your father-in-law;" but I don't believe he heard me. His face was speaking comfort and sympathy to Esther, who was blushing for her father, till she looked more bewitching than ever.

It was no very difficult matter getting rid of the cattle—only withdrawing a board and driving them overboard; soon they were to be seen striking out for the shore in all directions. And, as the captain had surmised, the Riffs got ready to welcome them.

While our stray stock were being roped and penned ashore, we had again let go the anchor. Indeed it was high time to make our last effort. There were reefs immediately ahead of us both to port and starboard; and judging by the whiter patches of broken water, we might strike on a submerged rock at any moment. Anxiously we watched again after the plash; again the anchor was dragging, and the steamer moving still. Again we had gone despondently to the capstan-bar, when a jerk responded to the strain. The anchor had bit, and held firmly.

The sense of relief was great, but it did not last. The reprieve seemed likely to be very temporary.

"We'll have time to look about us now, eh, captain?" exclaimed Osalez, shooting up buoyantly to the surface from the depths of his despondency.

The captain showed no corresponding exhilaration. "We might possibly have had the time, had you but fitted us with the new cable I begged of you the day before we left the rock. As it is, I'm thinking the few sovereigns you kept in your purse may cost you mair cash than you'll care to part with, and us many a life forbye."

Whereupon Osalez made a clutch at the cap that covered his hair, and literally wept tears of rage and regret over that piece of ill-timed economy. It was the captain's theory that the anchor had caught hold of a ledge of rock; that the cable at this moment must be fretting on the sharp stone edge. "And I'll take my solemn davy there isn't a sound strand in it; and more than one of them were snappit al-

ready, as you saw and found for yourselves."

"The Riffs, at any rate, are not in the secret of the quality of your ground-tackle," exclaimed Roper, after a time. "See! the beggars are getting impatient, and mean to come off to us as we won't go ashore to them."

It was even so. A couple of boats were being loaded down to the gunwales with people, and both parties bristled with matchlock-barrels and spear-heads. Sweeps were got out and manned by great muscular barbarians. They would be aboard of us in no time, if we made no objections. We looked blank, certainly, but I think determined. We had been preparing ourselves for this for some time; and then nothing is more wearying or worrying than suspense. Just then the mate, who stuck to his special charge like a man, and had been letting off his brass cannon at irregular intervals, walked up to it to fire another shot. The usual reverberations had risen and died away—hark! could that be an echo of them from the Spanish side? Latterly we had been too much occupied nearer home to keep a very bright look-out to seaward; but now we made a simultaneous rush to various vantage-points. Lightest and quickest, Esther Osalez had anticipated the rest of us.

"The steamer! the steamer! the steamer!" she shouted, letting her opera-glass rattle down upon the deck, clapping her little hands, jumping in joyous excitement on the cabin-hatch where she had perched herself.

"A gunboat from Gibraltar or Algeiras," pronounced the captain, after a long, steady look through his telescope.

"The Groper, for a thousand! Calverley's surveying ship. She's always poking about the straits in all weathers." Such was the idea of Roper, and he was notorious for excellent eyes.

But Groper or not, she was yet a great way off, and it was hard to tell for the tumbling waves whether she was actually heading down for us. We hoped the best, however, and soon had reason to believe it. If that was her gun, it must have been in response to our signal; so we fired again, and were distinctly answered this time.

Osalez having thrown himself down on his knees, got up to fling himself into his daughter's arms. Roper looked as if he would have liked to follow suit; but he had already taken advantage of the parent's paroxysm of devotion to press her hands

in his and do everything short of embracing her. It was the cool and collected skipper who reminded us that our rejoicings were premature.

"It's a race after all, remember, between friends and foes. There's no doubt of it that the Riffs have sighted that boat long before we did, and that's the reason they're so keen upon coming aboard here. They're dour devils to deal with in any case; and they'll be harder to beat off than ever now that they see us like to slip through their fingers."

"If it's a race, there can be no question who is making the running. I should say they must be pretty nearly within four hundred yards by this time, eh, Jack?"

Roper nodded assent, glanced round at his lady-love to see that she was admiring his adroitness, sighted his carbine to its longest range, and pitched it up to his shoulder. He "brownd" the boatful, no doubt; still, allowing for the pitching of one craft and the other, it was a pretty as well as a lucky shot. The boat yawed visibly and shipped a wave. One of the men pulling had dropped his oar as if the handle had burned him. But all the same, on they came again; the master of the engines tried his long piece with no results; and a couple of shots of my own had expended themselves on the air or the water. Our enemies regained their confidence, and while one boat deliberately slackened speed, another went off upon a detour to approach us from a different quarter. We kept loading and firing again, but thanks probably to the double motion, our practice left a good deal to desire.

"This will never do," said the captain, very sensibly. "It's no time for practising at long ranges. We had best get down behind the bulwarks, let them draw nearer, and bide our time."

Roper and Osalez, acting as allies for once, forced Esther to lie down on her rug. She utterly refused to go below decks. Then they subsided like the rest of us, and we all waited. We could catch at last the splash of the sweeps in spite of the sound of the breakers. The captain raised his head over the bulwarks, and drew a scattering fire of musket-balls which did him no harm whatever. "Now then, all of you, and take it steady, for God's sake!" This time the warning we gave them was unmistakable. A couple of individuals who were standing up pitched head-foremost into the water, where they splashed about like wounded wild-fowl. One or two more dropped among the ballast of the boat. While the

Riffs were occupied picking up their crippled comrades, the battery of breech-loaders was charged again. Another round, more casualties, and confusion became more confounded. Leaving their friends to their fate, they turned this time and headed for the beach like Cleopatra's galleys flying from the fight at Actium.

The cheer that followed them in their retreat was cut short by a scream. It appeared that Miss Osalez's feminine curiosity had tempted her to peer out the other way, and the sight that greeted her was the second boat far nearer than we should have fancied. It had fetched a compass, caught both the breeze and the current, and with hoisted sail was slipping swiftly down upon us. But what made the scream finish more shrilly than it began, was the proceedings of the handful of Mussulmans on board. Naturally anxious to cut short the exchange of shots, they fancied the moment came to interfere with decision. The leader of them, the same who had jostled Miss Osalez the night before, had shuffled out of his slippers and was gliding towards Roper with uplifted knife. Roper, all unconscious, was in the act of delicately adjusting one of the Moslem's co-religionists, when Esther's scream brought him to his legs as if he had been galvanized. Changing his hands from the stock of his carbine to the muzzle, with the quickness of thought he anticipated his assailant by knocking him senseless—"a most salutary warning for the rest of the blackguards," as the captain observed. And meantime Osalez had placed the contents of his blunderbuss at the disposal of the second boat's crew. It was a long range for the weapon, but by luck or skill he shot plumb centre; though the charge did no serious damage, yet, thanks to the distance, it was so impartially distributed as to make the party stop short on their oars, and then promptly follow their fellow.

"Hurrah, my lads! here's the steamer coming!" exclaimed the captain in exceeding glee; and, indeed, it soon began to look like it. The hull was just rising out of the waters, and all hands agreed she was no other than the Groper. "Hurrah!" shouted Roper; "we'll get Calverley to spare us a couple of boats' crews and go and smoke the hornets out of their nests."

There's many a slip between the cup and the lip. The vessel gave a lurch that somehow sent Roper almost into Esther's

arms, and the lurch was followed by a marked increase in our motion.

"The Lord help us!" exclaimed the captain, "it's the tow that's parted. You've done it this time, as I said, Mr. Osalez; what would you offer now, would you have let me bend in the rope you refused?"

I believe most of us felt moved to cast the Hebrew overboard, but his fresh paroxysm of anguish and self-indignation might have disarmed us. It was only the tough texture of his garments that prevented his rending them; and failing that, he leaped up on a bench under the bulwarks, and began wildly gesticulating towards the distant steamer. Another roll—his feet go from under him, and he vanishes from our sight. I rushed forward to see the fur cap disappearing down the vortex of a small whirlpool; what hope was there of his being saved, with that thick poncho clinging to him?

Esther, I must say, looked sublimely beautiful, as she tore her cloak from her throat as if she were preparing to make a plunge overboard. She turned like a fury on the captain, who had laid hold of her promptly with great presence of mind; and slight as she was, she must have tasked his strength to hold without hurting her, had not an incident come to divert her excitement. The moment Osalez had tilted over, Roper had begun to strip. In a second or two he had parted with coat, boots, and braces. He too had taken a flying observation over the side, and had seen Osalez disappear under the counter of the vessel. The next moment he had bounded across the deck, taken a quiet header from the other side, dived and disappeared also. I knew he was as strong in aquatics as at any other manly pursuit, but I own I grew intensely anxious when time went by and he never showed again. Ten to one his header might have brought him to grief upon a rock, and who could answer for the strength of the under-currents? As for Esther, she dragged the captain to the other side by strength of will rather than of body, and utterly unconscious of the man who held her, gazed wildly down into the seething water. In vain—there was no penetrating for an inch below these swirling circles; death might be grappling your dearest within a fathom of you, but at best you could only imagine the agony.

"Hold up, old fellow!" I shouted, as if he could hear me, and my shouting would help him, for I had seen the fair



locks floating in the water beside the grizzled bullet-head of Osalez. A life-buoy, dexterously pitched, went skimming up to his very cheek, and the next moment Roper's arm was passed through it, and he was drifting in comparative safety. A rope went after the buoy, and at last we hauled the couple on board. Osalez was utterly insensible when we laid him down, and for a moment we believed it was all over. But his daughter, when her first agitation was passed, showed herself the best physician of any of us. She ordered us about, telling us what to do, and directed the application of different stimulants with such scanty means as we had at our disposal. At length the chest heaved, the eyelids trembled, and the blood began to stir in the veins, till we could perceive a faint beat in the pulse. Then, and when she was assured that life had revived, she raised herself to thank his preserver. But Jack neither gave her time to speak nor said one word himself. He merely looked, and opened his arms, and, all dripping as he was, she flew straight into them, resigned herself to his embrace, and buried her face in his bosom.

"And why the devil shouldn't she? I would wish to ask you," exclaimed the captain, looking round savagely, as if any one had impeached her delicacy; and to tell the truth, in the tension of our nerves we all regarded the impulse as perfectly natural.

The yarn has run already to an unconscionable length, and it boots not to dwell on the fag-end of it. Broken loose from her moorings, the steamer still set for the shore, and the Riffs took heart to have another try for us. Again they had to beat a bloody and ignominious retreat, encouraged as we were by the swift approach of the Groper. Her Majesty's vessel took the Mary Anne in tow, and the tardy voyage which might have been disagreeable at another time, seemed delightful after our recent experiences. Roper, in high good-humour, did not press Captain Calverley for boat-crews for a descent. By nightfall we were landed on the quays of Gibraltar. Osalez, enveloped in blankets, was under way for his residence, and, thanks to my preoccupations and the doubtful light, I can say nothing at all of Jack's leave-taking of his mistress. But, three months later, I had the pleasure of assisting at the quietest of weddings, when Esther Osalez, only daughter and heiress of the late Abraham Osalez of Trafalgar Cottage, Gibraltar, was married to John Augustus Roper, captain in

H. M.'s Royal Regiment of Artillery. What is more, I had been requested to give away the bride; for the late Abraham Osalez had died of the fever contracted on the eventful night when his ill-found steamer was wrecked off the Riff coast. I may add that, before breathing his last, he gave his child his blessing, with absolute *carte blanche* to marry the man who might please her fancy, surmising doubtless, with his customary shrewdness, the quarter in which her choice would fall. As for religious objections, Osalez, as it may be imagined, had never been a bigot, and had kept a great deal of Christian company in his time; while his daughter found Jack the most eloquent of controversialists, and changed her creed before her marriage.

For the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, the mercantile influence Jack had won in wedlock found excellent berths for the worthy skipper as well as the mate and the Yankee-engineer. The boat-load of passengers, who had vanished from our sight and thought, had perhaps as much luck as they deserved. Driven ashore in the bay, they were duly stripped, but dismissed as scarcely worth the murdering.

---

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
MONEY.

It is singular that no psychologist has yet attempted to determine the exact nature of the relationship between mankind and money. Of all the ties which cramp us, of all the bonds which embarrass our free-will, of all the passions which choke the liberty of our aspirations, the lust for money is manifestly the most enslaving; but still no thinker has endeavoured, thus far, to analyze the manner of its action, to calculate the limits of its power, to investigate the precise import of its laws. The "experimental evidence" which modern science calls for as the starting-point of its inductions exists on the subject in limitless abundance; the facts stand out before us in glaring clearness; but the philosopher who is to work them into a system has not appeared. Money is to some few amongst us a mere useful tool; to many more it is a ruthless taskmaster; to all it is a necessity; but to no one does it present the character which must necessarily be assigned to it some day, of a measured universal force. There is an enormous gap here: the coming generation may see it filled, perhaps; but we, of



this day, can only gaze at the hole, and say, "How big it is!" However, as we are now standing on its edge, we may as well kick a few stones into it, in order to see how far they will roll.

The material elements of the question are even more evident than its moral conditions, for a good many people have some of them in their pockets; and yet we know but little of their annals and adventures. It was said in France, in 1854, when the Russian war began, that scarcely anybody was quite certain where the Crimea was; and that the majority of the French people, even in the educated classes, confounded it with the Morea, and Corea, and thought that all of them might be somewhere in the Pacific, or on the west coast of Africa. Our own notions about the history and the science of money are, pretty generally, of this vague kind; but really our ignorance of them deserves some pardon, for of all the repellent books which men and women can attempt to study, there are none which are more odiously unpleasing than those which treat of money. Economists and cambists are useful people in their way, but they manage to make their way so outrageously unattractive that nobody ever follows it from joy or love. Instead of lending a new charm to a subject which is so generally seductive, they absolutely contrive to strip it of its inherent fascination, and to render it as ugly and as stupid as rain. There is nowhere a more flagrant example of misuse of a great occasion. They discuss an all-alluring question—a question which goes to the bottom of almost every heart, on which readers, no matter of what age or latitude, are eager to be fervid; and yet they handle it in such a fashion that they choke off enthusiasm, swamp zeal, and stifle ardour. Their books are like November fogs, inevitable, but choking, blinding, and depressing. They tell us absolutely nothing of what we are curious to know, and scarcely anything that the mass of us can understand. They talk to us about exchanges, and mint prices, and gold standards, and double valuation, and all the mysteries of bank-parlours; but, outside the city, these explanations have no meaning and no enticement; they hold no place in circulating libraries; they simply make the public shudder slightly, and force it, in spite of its natural sympathies, to murmur, "Horrid money!" And this is not the whole sum of their offending, for even on the arid points which they do discuss, they lead us into mazes of uncertainty, and add

confusion to our ignorance. Here is an example of their doings:—

Most people know approximately where their money comes from; some people know even how they spend it; but who knows what becomes of it after it is spent? If we go to the economists for information on the point, we find that they talk to us superbly about "circulation," about "the laws which regulate the movements of the precious metals," about "demand and supply;" so, in our confiding trustfulness, we immediately suppose that, according to their statements, money keeps on running restlessly about in obedience to necessities which it cannot resist—like the Wandering Jew or a white mouse in a revolving cage; that the inevitable condition of its existence is to keep on changing hands; that the coin with which we pay our bills to-day will serve to pay some one else's bills to-morrow, and will go on indefinitely paying bills, as is the duty of all sovereigns which are well behaved, and which properly discharge the functions of their place. But, having thus induced us to innocently believe that money leads a life like that of water—perpetually moving, perpetually varying, perpetually modifying and reconstituting its shape, but never disappearing—the same delusive economists then unfold to us just the contrary, and tell us, with appalling figures and the stateliest proofs, that, after all, money is constantly abandoning all shape whatever, and that the truest of all facts about it is, that it goes out of sight and comes back no more. This assertion looks, however, so utterly amazing, that at first we naturally hesitate a little before we admit its possibility. We are all so perfectly aware that everybody wants money, and that the possession of it is always the best way to acquire more, that we fail altogether to comprehend how so coveted, so useful, so indestructible an article can disappear at all. According to probabilities, it would seem to be quite certain to the unlearned that all the gold the world has seen must still be in existence somewhere—that such cherished property cannot anyhow have evaded the eagerness of our persistent clutch—that it never can have become impalpable or invisible. And yet we find, to our bewilderment, that the economists are more right in their second story than in their first: we discover, when we ask about it, that gold does vanish, that silver does become extinct, that the great object of the world's ambition fades from our pursuing hand like daylight, happiness, or life.

Where are now the hoards that history talks about? Where are the big collections we wondered at respectfully at school? Where are the golden stores of Croesus, Solomon, Cyrus, and Sesostris? Where is the treasure which Shah Nadir conquered from the great Mogul? Where are all the heaps of metal that have been sifted out from river-beds and dug from mines? The present western world has certainly not got them—they exist in no place that we know of; and though we may suppose that a goodly portion of them has been hidden under ground, and there forgotten, and that another fraction is lying at the bottom of "the greedy sea," those two explanations seem scarcely sufficient to account for the disappearance of so many of the much-loved millions that mankind has successively possessed. The difficulty will probably never be solved, which is a pity. The statisticians of the future may some day calculate the number of the hairs which grow upon our heads, in order to thenceforth measure the dismal progress of the growing baldness of young British gentlemen; professors may ascertain, to their own entire satisfaction, the exact quantity of atoms required to produce a soul; but no complete information is ever likely to be forthcoming as to the present hiding-place of all the bullion that men have had and lost. We do not even know, indeed, how much we really have lost; we can estimate it in a sort of way, it is true, but we can put no reliance on our computations, and it is only as a matter of idle curiosity that it is worth while to group together the figures which have been published on the subject. But as the curiosity is tempting, we may as well yield to it.

A Russian gentleman named Narces Tarassenko-Otreschkoff has written an odd book about gold and silver, has given in it a variety of laborious calculations, and has deduced from them, with curious inventiveness, that the entire stock of the precious metals which the world had owned from Noah down to Christopher Columbus amounted to £1,800,000,000. It is of no use to deny the statement, for we cannot in any way disprove it; it is not of much use to believe it, for it is based upon considerations, testimonies, and valuations which merit no serious credence. But as it is the only reckoning which exists upon the matter, its very loneliness supplies it with a worth, just as a white thrush possesses enormous value; for that reason we may as well take it as it

stands, with the trusting confidence of ignorance. And there is the more ground for not making too much difficulty about the product of the first few thousand years of the earth's existence, because the last four centuries alone have provided us with very nearly twice as much treasure as M. Otreschkoff attributes to the entire period antecedent to 1492. There does not seem to be much doubt on this latter point; for the monetary congress held at Brussels in 1873 has published official documents in which we are told, as a seriously probable fact, on the evidence of Humboldt, Jacob, and many more authorities, that the quantities of gold and silver of which we have become possessed since the discovery of America, represent a value of about £3,200,000,000. Consequently, on these two showings, the general total collected between the deluge and the Tichborne trial would be, approximately, 5,000,000,000. Now, according to these same Brussels papers, the entire stock of metal actually held, in any form, in Europe and North America, does not exceed £1,800,000,000 of which £1,000,000,000 is in gold and the rest in silver; so that, if we guess the share of South America, Australia, and the colonies at £200,000,000 more, the whole present store of the Christian countries of the world amounts to about £2,000,000,000. The other £3,000,000,000 we will look at separately.

The manner of employment of the Christian £2,000,000,000 would seem, as well as we can judge it, to be somewhat as follows:—£650,000,000 of it exists in coin, in effective circulation; on that point the economists appear to be tolerably of one mind, for the differences between them do not exceed the trifling sum of £100,000,000. The quantity absorbed in plate and ornaments (including house-gilding) can only be estimated arbitrarily; but as McCulloch put it many years ago at £112,000,000 for Great Britain and Ireland only, it does not seem to be too fantastic to guess it now at nine times as much, or £1,000,000,000 for the entire Christian world. A balance of £350,000,000 would thus be left to represent the hoardings of baptized humanity. Of course these figures are partially imaginary, but as they are not in contradiction with any evidence on the subject, it is just possible that they may not be very outrageously wrong. If true, they indicate that one-sixth of the western store of precious metals is hidden away (probably in coin), that two-sixths of it are in effective circulation as

money, and that the immense proportion of one-half is held in plate and ornaments.

The annual loss by friction, shipwrecks, and accident, is counted generally at 1-2 per cent. on the cash in circulation; the waste and wear on the metal used in the arts may be put at 1-2 per cent.; and the loss on hoarded treasure at as much. If the fairness of this arithmetic be admitted, a total loss is constantly occurring on the £2,000,000,000, which belong to the civilized countries of the earth, at the rate of about £16,000,000 in a year. That is the first element of waste, and the richer we get the higher will it mount up. Luckily the annual production of gold and silver now averages about £40,000,000; there is therefore a margin still remaining for the current needs of the world, which are, according to M'Culloch, at the rate of £10,000,000 a year for increase of currency, and £12,000,000 for use in the arts.

The other £3,000,000,000 are more difficult to deal with, for we have scarcely any evidence to guide us; the books are dumb about the question. We know as a general fact, which cannot be disputed, that a vast proportion of this sum, especially in silver, has got away into Asia, but it is impossible to seriously suggest what has become of it there. M'Culloch does indeed express the opinion that £400,000,000 are now employed in India in coin and trinkets; and intimates that the burial of silver is carried on so actively in the East, that in six years only, from 1852 to 1857, £100,000,000 were so disposed of in Hindostan and China alone. It is true that this rate was exceptional; but when we remember that the exportation of the precious metals to Arabia and India was commenced by the Phœnicians, and that it has been going on, more or less, ever since their time, it becomes clear enough that a prodigious quantity of them must have drifted to oriental countries, whence very little, relatively, has come back. It seems to be accepted on all hands, that the sums successively interred there are altogether beyond measurement, and that the richest metallic deposits on earth are sprinkled over Eastern Asia in forgotten hiding-places. Even if we admit, for form's sake, that £1,000,000,000 still exist in use there, there would yet remain £2,000,000,000 unaccounted for; and though it is quite obvious that a part thereof represents the accumulated loss of forty centuries in Europe, it still continues to be reasonably probable that the

greater portion of this huge sum is somewhere underground in Asia. If, to gratify our curiosity, we capriciously suppose that only half of it is so interred, it would follow that one-fifth of all the bullion that the world is supposed to have ever seen has disappeared in this way, and that another fifth has been lost by war, by friction, waste, or accident. The true proportion may, perhaps, be larger still, and we certainly do not exaggerate in estimating it at two-fifths of the whole £5,000,000,000 on which we are calculating. Furthermore, whatever be the sum, it is increasing, and will continue to increase, with production and consumption.

Here, then, is an answer—for what it may be worth—to the question that was put just now. We guess the total disappearance of treasure since the Tower of Babel at £2,000,000,000, and we reckon that waste is now going on, in Christian countries only, at the rate of £16,000,000 a year. To make the account complete, the present annual loss in Asia, whatever that may be, must be added to it. We repeat that the figures are, to a great extent, fantastic; but they are just as likely to be right as any others that can be produced, and a very pretty picture they present.

And now that we have disposed of this first question, we can go on to another, which, though less amusing, has, at all events, the merit of being more practical. Why is it that we employ gold and silver for money? It is not improbable that the mass of us would reply, most conscientiously and convincingly, "Because they are gold and silver." If so, the mass of us would give precisely the very answer which, in spite of its simplicity, would best express the true reason: the economists themselves are forced to fall back before it in the end; for, as Turgot said, those "two metals became universal money, not in consequence of any arbitrary agreement among men, but by the nature and the force of things." They did not jump into their position without some competition, however; but when once they had won it, they held it against all comers. They had to struggle in the origin against iron, copper, earthenware, and painted wood; and, later on, against special local products; against glass in Arabia, stamped leather in Russia, salt in Abyssinia, cocoa-nuts and seeds in Mexico, tobacco in Virginia, and cowryshells in Africa; but they beat them all. The same necessities have produced everywhere the same results; gold and silver

are adopted as the best medium of circulation because they really are so. The reasons of this superiority become evident as soon as we consider what are the qualities required in money; and it is worth while to put the question and to answer it, because, in all probability, very few of us, except the specialists, have ever bestowed two thoughts upon the subject. Those qualities are five in number:—

The material of money must be susceptible of division into the smallest portions.

It must keep indefinitely without deterioration.

It must be easy to transport, in consequence of containing much value in small bulk.

All pieces representing the same value must be equal to each other.

Its intrinsic worth must vary as little as possible.

The union of all these properties—that is to say, of divisibility, durability, facility of carriage, equality of parts, and steadiness of value—is found only in the two precious metals; many substances own some of them, but no other matter combines them all. For instance, grains of corn are eminently divisible, salt is of almost unvarying value, marble is very lasting, water is identical in all its portions, pearls and diamonds are easy to move about; yet not one of these things is fit to serve as money, for each of them possesses only one or two of the five essential requisites. It is because gold and silver unite the whole of them that, after comparison with all other known objects, they were long ago selected by common consent as the materials of money.

We all know that, originally, they were employed—as they still are partially in China—in lumps or ingots, which were weighed and cut when wanted, and that the many inconveniences of that way of effecting payments led naturally to the idea of substituting what we now call “coin.” There is a legend that coined money existed in those very early days when Saturn and Janus preceded Victor Emmanuel as kings of Italy; but the critics have demonstrated the falseness of the tale, just in the same way as they have proved that no such persons as Horatius Cocles and William Tell ever existed: they insist that there is no mention of coined money anywhere in Homer; they remind us that, as there was no cash in his time, the value of Diomed’s armour was estimated at nine oxen, while that of the dandy Glaucus represented a hun-

dred; they add that there is not a word about money in the Bible until the time of Abraham; and they wind up by the assertion that, according to the Parian chronicle, the first coins were struck in Ægina, under Pheidon, king of Argos, in 895 B.C.; they even tell us, with scrupulous precision, that these coins were silver, and had a turtle marked upon them. And then they go on again to say that that very wise man Lycurgus at once foresaw the deleterious influence of the precious metals on society; for less than ten years after Pheidon started currency, he (Lycurgus) prohibited gold and silver in Lacedemon, and allowed only coins of iron and copper. The luxurious Athenians, however, did not share this hard view of life, for, under Pericles, silver money had become so abundant in their hands that they were able to spend three millions of talents in public edifices, and to keep twice as much in reserve for the expenses of the Peloponnesian war. From its very first beginning coining was regarded as a prerogative of sovereignty; it was recognized that such a process could not be left to private hands; and that governments alone could certify the true value of the money current in their territory.

And here, as we have alluded to coining, we may as well put in a parenthesis about it, and draw attention to the often forgotten fact, that the value bestowed by the act of coining is only nominal. The real worth of a piece of money is altogether independent of that act, and results exclusively from the quantity of pure metal employed in it. All that coining does is to supply an official indication of quantity and purity, and to save, in that way, the trouble and the risk of weighing and assaying. And even this restricted though very serviceable merit is quite a modern property of coinage, for so long as governments found it handy to debase their money, the act of coining was simply a deception. It is only during recent times that the guarantee which States profess to supply by minting money has become a universal and substantial reality.

This leads us to a third element of the subject: the first we looked at was more or less imaginary; the second was practical; this third one is scientific. In our growing wisdom we have found out, during the last hundred years, that, though adopted as an emblem, money is a merchandise as well. It is both a measure and an equivalent: not, however, an ideal measure, like a yard or an hour, which can be conceived, abstractly, in space or time;



not an ideal equivalent, like a weight which is equal to another weight, or a force which is balanced by another force, — but an effective measure, a practical equivalent, possessing a value of its own identical with that which it is employed to express. It is not only a sign, it is the thing signified as well. It is this reality, this intrinsic substantiality, this inherent authenticity, which form the essential basis of the actual system of metallic money: it has been fought about tremendously; tons of angry books have been composed upon it; but it has at last attained the altitude of a principle, it has become a science all by itself, and nobody would now presume to entertain a doubt about it.

And yet from this reality springs up, like a butterfly from a chrysalis, like a flower from a bud, that pretty, airy, vaporous product — paper money, which forms the fourth, or elastic-fluid section of the subject. It is precisely because gold and silver money is so real; because, being real, it is excessively expensive; because it is risky to move about; because it wears away, and may be lost; because, in fact, it has all the inconveniences of reality, that it has been found necessary to replace it, as much as possible, by a counterfeit. This is indeed most curious logic. The economists first prove to us, by glowing and triumphant arguments, that money ought to be, must be, is bound to be, a reality; and then they go on, glowingly and triumphantly as before, to demonstrate that a fiction must necessarily be employed to replace that reality. Of course their arguments are convincing; of course it is impertinent to discuss them; of course it is indispensable to have sovereigns because they are genuine money; and of course it is consequently indispensable to have bank-notes because they are fictitious; of course reality is the essential parent, and of course a sham is the inevitable child; of course a bank-note is the necessary product of a sovereign, and of course sovereigns would be altogether incomplete without bank-notes. All this is without doubt quite true, and yet it does not look like either truth or common sense; but the economists require us to believe it, so we bow down our heads and meekly believe. But faith does not imply comprehension; faith is generally supposed to be a process by which we admit what we cannot understand, and that definition of it applies most certainly to this case. Our weak intellect might have grasped the logic of the economists if they had con-

tented themselves with recording that, as we have not got enough metallic money for our wants, we have therefore supplemented what we have of it by a simulated representative, to which, for the sake of convenience and facility, we have attributed a certain nominal value. We could have unquestionably agreed with them if they had asserted that, as real money is a costly and wasteful luxury, as, in England only, on our supposed £70,000,000 of circulating coin, we are paying, at 1 1-2 per cent. per annum, about £1,000,000 a year for wear, tear, and loss, it has been found practical to replace it by a cheap substitute. But they do not content themselves with elementary considerations like these; simplicity is good enough for the unlettered public, but is totally unworthy of economists; so, scorning facts, they mount to principles, and assure us, without inquiring whether we understand them, that, according to those principles, money is governed by two fundamental laws, — the first, that it cannot be money unless it is intrinsically worth what it pretends to represent — the second, that money which has an intrinsic value is so full of disadvantages, defects, and inconveniences, that it is indispensable to replace it by paper, because the latter has no value at all.

And yet, whatever be its theoretical position towards coin, paper money is particularly handy; and if we could only remain in ignorance of the fact that, possibly, it may lose its assumed value and be worth nothing, we all should be inclined to look upon it with a tenderness absolutely parallel to that which we accord to the brightest sovereigns. Unluckily, however, for our trusting fondness, it does sometimes happen that bank-notes deceive us, that they are not really convertible into the metal which they claim to represent, and then we mourn, and say it is a great shame. Our fathers did so, doubtless, in 1813, when the one-pound notes of the Bank of England fell to 14s. 2d.; and our various Continental neighbours have had, and have, frequent opportunities of conceiving the same sentiment. Whatever be the cunningness of bank acts, they do not suffice, in any land, to constantly maintain the price of this sort of currency. All that the cleverest governments can do is to lay down rules which work well in quiet times; for the whole world knows, by personal experience, that no rules whatever can be relied on to keep bank-notes at par in days of crisis. But, as days of crisis are not fre-



quent, we run the risk of them, and, from old habit and indifference, forget that all paper money is a sham—an excessively meritorious sham, but none the less a sham. It wants but reality to be considerably more perfect than the metals whose place it takes; and it is quite comprehensible that, notwithstanding its one defect, it should have spread all over the earth, since Marco Polo first discovered it in China six centuries ago. It weighs nothing, it costs nothing, and if it is lost, nothing is really lost. Of course the loser loses by his loss, but as the issuer gains an exact equivalent by the suppression of his liability, the loss is merely individual, not general; whereas, if a sovereign drops into a chink, the entire nation is twenty shillings poorer. These are immense qualities to possess, and it is indeed deplorable to be obliged, after enumerating them with hearty admiration, to come back again to what we said just now, and to repeat once more that paper money is a sham. It is, however, "currency," which means that it has the capacity of being current; and so long as it retains that capacity unimpaired, it certainly merits to be regarded, with tea, gunpowder, and the compass, amongst the most admirable of the many inventions which we owe to the Chinese.

The fifth division of this many-sided question includes the differences of production, relation, and position between gold and silver. Before the discovery of gold in California and Australia, by far the greater part of the harvest of metal from Spanish America was in silver; the ratio of yield was then (in value) about four of silver to one of gold; but since 1850 the proportion has changed so utterly that it has now become one of silver to about three of gold. In other words, the worth of the gold raised, as compared with that of the silver simultaneously obtained, has risen seven-fold during the last twenty-five years. This must be humiliating for silver. It came into use so long before gold was heard of, that it might have legitimately expected, if men had gratitude, to continue to preserve its ancient rights undamaged, and to retain, in its venerable quality of the oldest inhabitant, a constant position of prescriptive priority over its richer and more gaudy rival. But, if silver did really have the presumption to think all this, it has been most unpleasantly undeceived, for gold has partially succeeded in turning it out offensively into the cold shade. Look, for instance, at this thankless England, where we

coined no gold money at all until 1527; where, until that date, we had nothing above silver, excepting such foreign gold pieces as managed to creep surreptitiously into use amongst our ancestors: well, even here, in the old home of strong conservatism, we have heartlessly turned out our poor old friend, and have forced it into the second place. It has lost "the battle of the standards;" not, as the phrase may possibly suggest to the unlearned, a fight, in war time, for regimental colours, but the struggle between white silver and tawny gold as to which of them shall constitute the official "standard" by which the money of the country is to be regulated—that is to say, which of them shall have an unvarying mint-value, fixed by law; the other being degraded to the contemptible position of a mere vile merchandise, of varying price, like sugar, indigo, or cotton. All other countries, however, have not acted towards unlucky silver with the same oblivion of former benefits. We have induced Portugal, Brazil, and Turkey to do like us, but elsewhere the ancient claims of silver have been kept up. They are recognized exclusively in America, Holland, Russia, the Scandinavian kingdoms, and the East; and though in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and the United States, gold has been admitted to an equality of rights with silver, the latter in no way suffers by the parity, but keeps up its privileges under the shelter of a "double standard." It would be a gloomy process to explain exactly what a "standard" is, and how it works: those who desire to know all about it can study its mysteries in the special books, of which there are a tremendous number, for the fighting on the question has been long and bitter, each nation angrily declaring that its own plan is the only right one. The relationship of value between gold and silver is a different matter altogether: it has never varied very much in Europe; it has stood there regularly at one of gold to fifteen or sixteen of silver. In China, however, where silver has always been befriended, the rate was formerly about one to ten; and in Japan, when the latter country was first opened up, some twenty years ago, it was as low as one to three, so enabling sharp speculators to make enormous profits, for a time, by exporting gold.

But if the intrinsic value of the two precious metals has remained tolerably steady towards each other, the value of money itself has become, as we all know, immensely modified since it was first in-

vented. A careful calculation of the successive changes which have occurred in it was published, some years ago, by the well-known French economist J. B. Say, who arrived at his results by working out the variations of the price of wheat at different periods of the world's history. His tables indicate that, according to this gauge, money was five times more valuable in 200 B. C. than it is now; that in the eighth century, after the abandonment of the mines of Spain and Attica, it had risen to six and a half times; that in the fifteenth century it had got up to its maximum of seven and a half times our present scale; that immediately after the discovery of America, when quantities of metal began to circulate in Europe, it rapidly declined; that in 1514, only twenty-two years after the first voyage of Columbus, it had fallen to four and a half times; that in 1536 it was down to two and a quarter times; and that it was nearly at our actual value in 1640. By this showing, £100 were worth as much in the year 1450 as £750 are now; and as, in addition to this contrast in the practical worth of money, there were then, comparatively, no means of spending, no luxuries, and no needs, it is probable that the real difference of relative wealth was far greater still. It may indeed have been possible, allowing for these subsidiary considerations, that £1 produced four hundred years ago as much as £20 will offer now.

There are a dozen other points which might be talked about, but the line must of necessity be drawn somewhere; so we will cast a passing glance at but one more question—at the totally new notion of the possible internationality of money which our generation has seen born—and then abandon the material section of the subject. The not unnatural disposition of mankind, in every land, has always been to recognize as valid the coins of that land alone; the coins of other lands have always been regarded, everywhere, as mere metal, not as money. This rule is so universal that it exists even in Central Africa; for there the glass beads which form the circulating medium employed in exchange for ivory, are not accepted by the residents as cash unless they be of a certain fixed shape and colour. That shape and colour, just like national coinage, confer the character of local currency; the negroes will have that and nothing else. In the same way no British grocer, no German beer-seller, will take payment for his merchandise in francs, pesetas, or dollars. It is altogether use-

less to affirm that as they are just as good as reichs-marks or as shillings, they ought to be accepted in their places; the argument is valueless, though the fact is true. However full our pockets may be of foreign specie, we can obtain absolutely nothing to eat, drink, or smoke with it. Now this, in theory, is absurd: in theory it is a disgrace to our practical nineteenth century that the same coin will not pay bills everywhere; but in practice the old habit is so strong that ten yards across a frontier the contents of all purses must be changed. One would have thought, however, that certain exceptions might be found—that Dover, for instance, was a place where French and Belgian money would probably be admitted (at a discount); and yet it happened once to this present writer that the people at the Lord Warden refused indignantly to take payment in French silver for his bed and breakfast, and that he only managed to get honestly out of the hotel through the compassionate mercy of a high-souled waiter, who provided him with current sterling. Yet though this patriotic hatred of alien coin is universal, there positively were found, ten years ago, four governments who had the bravery and the common sense to make a treaty by which they erected a "monetary union" between their peoples, and enacted that their various moneys should circulate without distinction throughout their respective territories, and should be legal tender in them all. These countries were France, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland, the four States which possess a decimal coinage based upon the franc. When one thinks about it, this really was a most wonderful act. What a gigantic heap of prejudice and blind ignorance and unreasoning resistance must have been first removed before the result was obtained! Next to the adoption of a common language, the possession of a common money is perhaps the most practically useful end to which international negotiators can direct their efforts. An example has been set to us; it would be pleasant to hope that it will be followed.

And now let us turn back again to our starting-point, and try to discover for ourselves, in the entire absence of a guide or an instructor, what we can manage to make out, all alone, about the moral influences which are exercised by money. A good many of them ought to be easy to detect, for we have not to grope about for them in books, or even to feel for them in our pockets; they stare us in the face on all sides. And it is precisely because they

are so evident that they are doubly important, for their character of actuality, of contemporaneous development and existence, bestows upon the subject a special interest, and makes it more than ever desirable that a wise man should rise up amongst us to extract from it its teaching, and build a science on it. The nature of the influence of money has always been the same since the world began, but the present vast development of that influence is essentially a modern fact. So long as the relatively little money which existed was concentrated in a few hands, its action was special, limited, and individual; but in our time, an undetermined quantity of people are getting money, and almost everybody is drifting, directly or indirectly, under its mastery. It consequently is becoming urgently important that we should be well informed as to the precise nature of the new force which is thus growing rapidly around us. And, furthermore, present questions and present phases of old questions are vastly more attractive to us than ancient ones; so that even if this aspect of the subject possessed a past — which, in truth, it does not — that past would not offer any of the interest which its immediate character is now provoking. We do not particularly care to know that the effect of money on Lucullus was to incline him to live grandly, on Mæcenas to dispose him to keep poets, on Pericles to tempt him to build monuments. But we cannot fail to feel a special curiosity to learn how we ourselves and our daily friends are being moved by the new power which is so evidently beginning to dominate mankind at large. The rush of money in our generation is so violent and so all-pervading, that almost every one has been swept into its vortex; but it is not perhaps impossible to stand back a little, in a quiet place, outside the current, for a moment, and see what we can discover in the men and women who are being spun about by it. The one thing they desire is to be looked at; it is for that alone that they have flung themselves into the whirlpool; they cannot, therefore, make the slightest objection to our staring at them. The people who possess money, take usually such tremendous care that we shall see it, that in their frantic efforts to drag it into the sunlight, they unconsciously pull out their thoughts along with it, and expose them to us with a frank openness which they certainly display in nothing else. They think that it is modest to hide their virtues (if they have any) — they think that it is respectable to hide their

faults (if they can); but as to their money and its action on themselves, they advertise the two together, simultaneously, with an amplitude and an eagerness which could not be surpassed even by the proprietors of the *spécialité* sherry. This class of rich people — and it is now a big one — seems, however, totally unconscious that it is exhibiting its inner self as well as its money: it does not appear to be aware that it is offering the weaknesses, the stupidities, the ignorances of its members as a spectacle to lookers-on; that no one cares one atom about its carriages, its horses, its dinners, or its diamonds, but that everybody laughs at its poor efforts to render its riches public. This first and most conspicuous of the moral influences of money, as they are developing themselves in our actual society, is a consequence of the undeniable but prodigious fact that most rich people are radically convinced that to be rich is in itself a merit. It is amazing, but it is so. There are persons of this description — we all have seen them — who positively scorn other people because they are not rich too; who look upon sovereigns as the one test of merit, and who regard poverty as a condition of low inferiority, if not, indeed, of absolute degradation and disgrace. It is true that this strange state of mind exists, more or less, all over the world, but it is found particularly in societies where money is gained rapidly — where new men acquire it in a few years. It is frequent in America; we saw enough of it in France during the second empire; but it is incontestably in our own English land that it is now showing up most violently. British subjects of this generation seem to be particularly powerful in money-making, but how extraordinarily weak they are in money-using! A second influence which its possession exercises upon them is, generally, to convince them that wealth and pleasure are identical, that the degree of the pleasure depends upon the cost, and that pleasure can be paid for like gloves. Poor, wretched, misguided idiots! They require to be told (though they don't believe it even then) that enjoyment is not a material state, but a moral one; that no money can buy it; that it is more often a property of the moderately poor than of the very rich; that it depends on the condition of the mind, not on the condition of the purse. Surely some clever fellow might make a fortune by setting up as a "guide of rich people to happiness, on scientific principles — terms high." Unfortunately, as

soon as the clever fellow did make his fortune, he would probably require a guide for himself; for it is a most lamentable truth that though certain poor men, so long as they are poor, entertain the most praiseworthy contempt for money, and the soundest views as to its unworthiness and absurdity, they usually fall down before it and worship it, like everybody else, if chance should throw it abundantly upon them. It is indeed deplorable that the only people who really judge money wisely should be those who have not got it, and that they should lose their wisdom directly they acquire it.

In dealing with a subject of this kind it is difficult to avoid exaggeration; we are simply generalizing, and generalizations have the inconvenience of excluding the shadings, the reservations, and the explanations, without which precision and exactness are not obtainable. If, then, we assert that the effect of the possession of much money is to develop selfishness and vanity, we make a statement which, though altogether true as a collective proposition, is not necessarily true in all its applications, and which, in some few of them, is not true at all. Before applying such a statement to any special person, or to any particular society, the varieties of human nature must be taken into account; their workings must be watched and estimated; the circumstances and surroundings of individuals must be measured and allowed for; every internal or external pressure which can modify the rule and produce an exception, must be duly noted and assessed; and all this implies immensity of labour and perfectness of judgment. Let us hope that the philosopher of the future on whom we count to elucidate the whole subject, will be capable of performing the one, and will be sufficiently endowed with the other; but, pending his appearance, let us go on gazing at the outside lines of the work which is awaiting him, taking no account of the diversities of detail, and strictly circumscribing our expression of opinion to the great salient features of the sight in its public aspects. Within that limit we cannot get far wrong; for the influence of wealth, according to history and the Bible, has invariably been the same in all times as it is on a larger scale to-day—an influence which dries up the heart, which stunts the tenderer faculties, which chills the warmer impulses, which leads men on to measure life by the deceptive standard of their own vanity. Of course, though it is ridiculous to say so, a certain quantity of money is indispensable;

of course, with our actual system of education, and with our actual conditions of existence, it is impossible to live agreeably without material satisfactions, and without intellectual contentments which are only attainable with the aid of money; but the quantity of it which is really needed for such purposes is relatively small, and, even if it were large, it would in no way follow that its employment for legitimate and intelligent objects would necessarily do harm to its possessor. The danger does not lie so much in the proportion of the sum as in the unworthiness of the use; it lies in the fierce attempt to eat with two spoons at once, with the sole object of showing that the eater is rich enough to own two spoons. The world is growing full of people with two spoons; one sees them everywhere, and yet it scarcely seems as if their true character were yet rightly understood. Material progress is altogether separate from the two-spoon notion; it is, of course, to a great extent, a consequence of money, but of money well employed. Health, cleanliness, and comfort are indeed worth paying for, and our whole actual situation is so really pleasanter than that of our predecessors that we should be specially ungrateful if we despised the cash which has aided to provide us with it. "The Romans under Romulus had a badly-sculptured wooden Jupiter for a god, a hut for a palace, a handful of hay on a stick for a flag, and not a sixpenny-piece in their pockets: our coachmen have watches that the seven kings of Rome could not have paid for." Since Romulus we have all of us got up to shirts, and beer, and beds, and boots, and we owe them all to that most generous friend, ready money. The fault that we are mourning over is not in the sovereigns which pay for progress and well-being, but in the moral influence which we permit those sovereigns to exert upon us. And yet the fact seems not to strike our actual teachers: we had an example of their indifference to it recently, in that remarkable discussion which took place about "life at high pressure." Attention was then almost exclusively directed to the pressure of work,—scarcely any notice was taken of the pressure of riches; and yet, of the two, the latter is by far the more destructive, for the evil done by over-work affects men only, while the mischief which is wrought by over-money extends to women and even to children. The entire organization of society and of home is included in its action. The uni-



versality of that action, the extraordinary strength which it is now manifesting, are special to our generation; it is they which give to the subject its grave aspect, and which promise to lift it quickly to the height of one of the great questions of the time. It will be recognized before long that character is degenerating under the influence of too much money; that the conception of the objects and obligations of life is taking a more and more directly personal form; that a new and numerous class is everywhere seeking to shine out before the world, not because it is fitted to be brilliant, but solely because its interest is to force the world to admit that money is the coming power.

So long as money was merely a necessary adjunct of rank or name or high degree, it was nothing but a supplement of another totally distinct force; but actually it has grown into a force by itself, a force which claims to be independent of, and indeed to be superior to, all other forces. It is seeking to assert itself as a revolutionary power, violently, noisily, and impudently, and to thrust aside, if it can, the nobler rulers which have preceded it. This audacity is offensive; but the falseness of the theory on which it rests is more offensive still. That theory appears to be that money is not a simple stepping-stone to something better, but is, in itself, a result, a product, and an end. It is in this latter character that it now obtrudes itself, that it shouts out loudly for more room, that it insists upon its right to rank amongst the cardinal virtues.

It is not impossible that these impressions may seem somewhat overstrained to persons who have grown accustomed by long habit to the shape in which money is now so generally manifesting itself; but to those who behold from afar—to those whose perceptions are not blunted by the grinding-down of constant contact—to those who look on with the unprejudiced indifference, which is perhaps obtainable by distance only—the notions which have been just expressed appear to indicate the truth.

Of course it may be argued that there are about the world a quantity of rich people whose fathers have been rich for centuries—who from their boyhood regard their wealth, not as a privilege or an excellence, but as a necessity and a right; and that, in considering the question as a whole, the undamaging influence of their money on the members of this large division should be set off against the deleterious action of the other sorts of wealth

of which we have been speaking. But is it certain that blood and birth and ancient tenure do absolutely free their owners from the contagion which fills the whole air round them? They certainly resist it better than the mass; but can it be seriously pretended that it has no effect upon them whatever? Can it be honestly urged that they alone possess, from inherited ideas and habits, a special grace which places them beyond the reach of a disease which appears to be indiscriminately attacking the entire population around them? Would it not be more candid and more true to own that this argument is applicable only to the question of degree; that the whole thing is simply a matter of gradation; that the malady is in reality universal; that it respects neither caste nor place; and that all that can be said in favour of the higher classes of Europeans is that, thus far, they have suffered by it less than those below them? This difference, however, natural as it may now be, cannot be expected to last on indefinitely. The special moral characteristics of each period of history have shown themselves with such markedly equal vigour in all the classes of society without distinction, that it would be altogether in conformity with precedent, to anticipate that the great new striking characteristic of to-day will do the same. If so, the process of the canonization of money, which has been so energetically commenced in our time, will doubtless be carried by the next generation to complete success; all actual resistance to it will gradually disappear, and hard cash will be adopted in every family, from top to bottom of the scale, as the universally recognized tutelar saint of mankind.

It was said just now, incidentally, that certain persons regard their money as a right: the notion is so very odd that it deserves a little separate consideration. As to the fact of the existence of such an impression no doubt is possible; we meet each day a quantity of people who are quite convinced that wealth is due to them, that it is a merited appendage of their importance, a logically inevitable prerogative of their greatness. Now, of all the false states of mind which the possession of money can induce, this one is perhaps the most remarkable. There is a kind of bad excuse for a new man who has risen up from nothing, who finds himself, with stupefaction, at the head of a big house, who buys a picture-gallery as a stern duty, who yields to the intoxication of young wealth, and believes himself to have become a



personage in the state. The poor creature should be partly pardoned, for he is simply a snob, who, in ignorance and inexperience, takes a false view of life. But no similar apology can anyhow be offered in favour of the man who, born to wealth, misuses it; that man has to bear the responsibility of inherited advantages, for his father's position has given him an elevating education, which is wanting in the other case. A good many such men do bear their riches wisely; a good many of them have as much contempt for money, in itself, as the poorest philosopher can possibly feel for it. But still, however numerous these sages may be, they constitute, after all, but a small minority in the crowd; their fellows generally regard their incomes as a testimony of the high approbation which heaven entertains of their superiority to other people, as a natural birthright which distinguishes them from the mob. To ask such persons, men or women, to believe that their money is nothing but a mere accident, a simple hazard of the game of life, would be like telling them that two and two make five; they could not comprehend it — the allegation would surpass their understanding. And yet it seems, if we can trust the facts around us, that money simply stumbles on to people with its eyes shut; that it, like all the other elements of human fortune, is stone-blind; that it wanders helplessly no matter where, and gives itself unconsciously to no matter who. To argue, as is often done, that it is distributed by divine will alone, as a direct and express gift, is to introduce into the question a difficulty beyond solution; for if money is only obtainable as an intentional grant from Providence, it would follow that Providence occasionally employs swindling, robbery, usury, and lying, as means of action to enrich its elect. Will those who adopt this view of the matter undertake to prove that the Honduras Loan was got up in heaven? But, no matter what the source whence money comes, the people who have it do not invariably appear to be quite worthy of it; whilst amongst those who own none of it, we not unfrequently discover persons who seem to merit some of it. The character of its distribution indicates, with all the rest of the evidence, that the possession of money is not a "right;" that it is not a privilege accorded by the special intervention of Omnipotence; that it is not even a result obtainable with certainty by hard work or skill; but that it is, in the majority of cases, a chance inexplicable by reason —

a lottery in which the winners have had their tickets given to them for nothing.

To classify these facts, to group these truths, to test their relative importance, to assign to each of them its place in the total which they form, to extract from their assemblage a reliable and teaching theory, to lay before humanity a set of principles and laws on which it can rely for guidance amidst the misleading influences of money, — all this will be a practical and useful work for our successors. Perhaps the subject is not ripe yet; perhaps its signs, to certain eyes, may still appear to be conflicting, or at all events inconclusive; but as it cannot be denied that those signs are growing clearer year by year, that the symptoms are fast multiplying, and that their gravity is augmenting, it will perchance be recognized that it is not premature to call attention to them as an inevitable object of future study and research. At all events they merit watchfulness, for the power which money is assuming is not a matter which can be safely left to settle itself; the harm which it has done already is big enough to supply promise that it will become bigger still hereafter; and however absurd it may appear to assert that the very power which men most cherish is precisely the one which seems to be doing the greatest actual damage to them, it is well worth while to run the risk of being laughed at in order to suggest it. It is not in its political or social consequences that the matter is considered here; that section of it is purposely omitted. The irritations, the aspirations, the envies and the hates which are growing up about the world in consequence of the disparities which exist in the apportionment of money, are outside our immediate view; we limit ourselves here to the single question of the influence of money on the character of those who possess it; it is quite large enough by itself.

It would be out of place to say anything about the grand things that can be done with money, for great uses of it require a vigorous moral effort altogether in opposition to the habitual tendencies of its influence. Small goodnesses, such as public alms-giving and church-building, are beneath serious attention, for in this country they are little more than a local form of ostentation — a direct effect of the advertising vanity which is provoked in Britain by large possessions. There is infinitely more true charity amongst the Continental nations, notwithstanding their comparative poverty, than this rich English race

can show, for gifts abroad are almost always hidden; there the right hand is really unacquainted with what the left fingers do. The stain of money lies specially upon Great Britain — its great mark is here; it is consequently for us to set the example of a fight against it, and to show that though we are the only people in Europe of whom a "Book of Snobs" could be written, we recognize, at all events, our peculiar national defect, and mean to try to cure it. It is true that we have to struggle, in this case of money, against a universal domination, which is not proper to ourselves exclusively, which has shown itself, everywhere and always, to be stronger than much wisdom and much will; before which the most solid virtues have faded away, the noblest resolutions have vanished; against which, thus far at least, no preparation has enabled men to contend. But we English are an energetic people, and a fight of this kind ought to tempt us. And after all, the entire question is simply one of common sense. The objection is not to the fact of our growing richer; on the contrary, as money is an essential element of national strength, there are patriotic reasons for continuing to accumulate it. But is it altogether beyond our force to introduce some change into the miserable ways of viewing its individual uses which now are current amongst us? Must the attempt be recognized as quite hopeless? Smallpox has been stopped by vaccination, distance has been suppressed by electricity, the sources of the Nile have been discovered. Why, then, having accomplished these seeming impossibilities, should we not indulge the dream that some day, by a startling invention, the world will acquire the means of establishing a wiser nature of relationship between itself and money?

There we leave the subject, and we could not quit it in a better direction than to follow out a dream, for a dream it is to a good many of us. To have spoken about it at all is perhaps a folly; but, as Voltaire says, "It is more easy to write about money than to have it; and those who have it laugh at those who can only write about it."

---

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
A DEAD MAN.

It was just before the opening of the railway from Taganrog to Kharkof in

1869, and I was driving those dreary distances in autumn. For the first two days and nights the weather was lovely, but on the third morning, soon after sunrise, the sky became covered with heavy, torn and jagged clouds, a northerly wind arose, and with thunder, lightning, cold gale, and snow, the winter burst on us as it yearly breaks on Southern Russia. In half an hour the rich, black, rolling plains had become an ocean of inky mud, and we reached the post-station of Donski only to find the order — "Impossible to proceed."

I called for tea, and the *samovar* was brought in by a fine, upright, grey-bearded man, whom, from his black velvet tunic and slashed sleeves, I took to be the postmaster himself. He was followed into the room by a noble-looking Cossack woman of his own age, who said, "Little husband, why don't you ask the lord if he will eat a partridge and a bit of bread? The *kurupatka* is plump, and the day will be long before his *troika* can be harnessed to face the storm." She smiled sweetly as she spoke — he smiled lovingly upon her; then she left us, looking lingeringly back.

"Your wife's in love with you still, and you with her, postmaster," I said. "You must have beaten her well when she was young for her to love you so. How long is it since you were married?" "I am sixty," he replied; "I was married at twenty-five, thirty-five years ago; *five years before I died.*" "What?" said I. "Five years before my death. Is it possible that you don't know my story? You must have come from a long way off, for I have heard that it is told even upon the Azof."

And throwing his legs across a chair, without more ado, he spoke thus:

"I was born in 1809, and can remember the return from Paris of my father and uncle — Cossacks of the Don. Those were grand days, when every Cossack was an officer by birth, and when the Hetman Platof was king of Europe, conqueror of the Turks and of the French, and friend and equal of the white tsar. Now, this Petersburg tsar says that we're no better than his Great-Russian slaves, and for years my sabre and long pistol have hung upon the wall unused; and when I have worn my red-banded cap and my red-striped breeches I've always hid as much as I could of the stripe in my boot, for I'm ashamed of it now; and they're even going to take away our privilege of the supply of salt.

"In 1834, as a young postmaster, for my father was dead, with a good place and a handsome beard, I was the best match in the two-church villages round. I could

pick my wife, and I chose Olga, that you saw just now."

"There," said I.

"Ah, wait and see! Wait, little lord. Don't be impatient. Olga was as lovely as she was good. You have seen her in her sixtieth year; her goodness is what it was, and, though I may be an unsafe judge, her beauty, I think, is not yet gone."

He looked at me. I nodded.

"We were happy at first, but I was young. I felt the chain. I was faithful to her as far as women went, but not kind. We had no children. One day in '39 she was in low spirits about me, and flung her arms upon a sudden about my neck, with 'Do you *really* love me, little John?' 'You know I do.' 'But not as I love you.' At that very moment, lord, the devil must have been unchained from hell. To tell you what thoughts flashed in an instant through my mad mind would be impossible. That what she said was true! That while I did love her in a kind of way, I was bound to her: for life whether I would or no. In a fit of wild rage I struck her one short, sharp blow. She looked at me with despair in her eyes, and walked slowly into our other room. I ran into the stable yard. 'Harness a *troika*,' I said to the *starosta*. 'I leave at once for Kharkof with despatches that the courier dropped and that I've found upon the floor. Quick! quick! the best courier horses.' In an instant they were ready. Merrily jingled the bells in the crisp air. Paul took the reins, and off I whirled. In twenty hours I was at Kharkof. To my friend the *starosta* at the great Kharkof station, who was equal in rank and pay to most postmasters themselves, I said: 'Do me a service, little friend, as I would do one for you. I am going to leave my wife, to whom I have been unkind, and am going to enlist in the guards. But I wish her to forget me, and she must think me dead. Write to her in a week and tell her that I was taken with the cholera and died. Beg her to forgive me for my unkindness; say that I was grateful for her love, and that it was my last wish that she should marry again some lad more worthy of her than myself. Make interest to have the station continued to her as postmistress. She was a priest's daughter, and can write.' We crossed ourselves; he swore; we bowed to the image in the corner of the stable, we kissed, and in five minutes I was gone. At the recruiting-office I enlisted for the empress's regiment of cuirassiers of the guard, as a fourteen years' volunteer, and in a false name. I'd of

course no papers, but they asked no questions, for I was a fine recruit. My beard was shaved, my hair was cut, and when I got to Petersburg and was fitted with my uniform and eagle-crowned helmet no one would have known me. I rose to be sergeant and second riding-master. From your *padarojna* I see that you are English. Now, in '53, when I had served my time there were rumours of war in Turkey against you, and tempting offers were made to me to stop and drill the new recruits. But I was wretched, and home-sickness drove me south, though if I found my wife dead or married again I intended to kill myself. Petersburg is not a place for Cossacks either. By brooding over the past I had become madly in love with my wife. It was no use for me to tell myself that I had left her well off; that she was married again and happy; that she was forty-four and fat; or else, perhaps, a scarecrow. I was madly in love. I got my discharge and pension-papers, and started south. At Kharkof my friend was 'dead.' What if she too were dead? 'Who keeps the Donski post-station now?' I murmured, crossing myself the while under my long cloak. 'The widow.' 'A widow that has kept it fourteen years?' 'The same.' In eighteen hours I was there. I recognized two of the old men, but they not me. I rushed into the house. She was at her day-book writing, not changed. Only graver, and with silver in her black hair. 'My own little Olga,' in the best style of old days. She did not turn to look at me, but threw up her arms and fell forward on the table. I rushed to her and felt her heart, with mine, too, all but ceasing to beat. In a moment she came to herself—our lips fast glued together. That was in '53. This is '69. Sixteen years gone like a day. We have made up for the past, little lord.

"But, would you believe it? That wretched government at Petersburg insists that I am dead, and that the Donski station is kept by my widow. Or else they say the cuirassier riding-master must be dead, and with him his pension. My widow accepts the situation with a smile, for our neighbours all know better than to believe the government, but she keeps the books, signs the receipts and pays the taxes. I draw my pension in my cuirassier name. A great Petersburg noble who was passing here last week told me that he didn't believe a word of my story, but that the postmistress and I were 'quite in the fashion.' What did he mean?"

From Macmillan's Magazine.

## TORQUATO TASSO: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

## PART II.

FROM Rome Tasso was summoned by Alfonso II. d'Este, the brother of his late patron, to the ducal court of Ferrara. The duke, as we have already seen, desired, in the first instance, to retain him as one of the gentlemen of his court; on the other hand, it had long been the object of Tasso's ambition to be admitted into his service. He had endeavoured to obtain his wish through the influence of various powerful friends, and he attributed his success to the influence of the princess Lucrezia, now duchess of Urbino, and to her sister Leonora.

The gratitude which he felt on this occasion — alas, how soon to be cancelled! — is recorded in his letter to his friend Scipio Gonzaga: "He (that is, Alfonso) took me out of a state of misery and obscurity, and set me in the light and splendour of his court. Raising me from poverty, he placed me in a position of ease and comfort, declaring me to be worthy of every distinction, inviting me to sit at his table, and admitting me into the intimacy of his private life. Nor was any favour that I asked of him ever denied me."\*

Again, the passage in the "*Aminta*" is meant as another graceful acknowledgment of his gratitude. The "*Uom d'aspetto magnanimo e robusto*," who stood on the threshold of the "*felice albergo*," and with "*real cortesia*" invited Tirsi to enter, is doubtless intended for Alfonso, while Tirsi, who cannot decide whether the title of "*duce or cavaliero*" best befits his courteous host, is meant to represent himself. "*Ei grande e'n pregio, me negletto e basso*."†

But there is also another passage (act i. sc. 2) which tells us a different tale, picturing the evils of a court life, and the persecutions to which he was subject.

Tasso was admitted into the duke's household in 1573. In 1579 the calamity overtook him which darkened the rest of his life — which precipitated him from the height of happiness to the depth of misery, and has ever since made him an object of the tenderest compassion. It is by no means an easy task to trace the beginning of his misfortunes. Many of his early biographers, in their anxiety to shield the house of Este, give a purposely confused account of their origin. But later accounts tear away this flimsy veil, and reveal the

treacherous cruelty which lurks behind it. During the first three years his life was peaceful and happy. He wrote his "*Aminta*," a pastoral drama, composed in two months' time, so perfect, says Muratori, that it left no chance to posterity of ever surpassing it. All the former *pastorali* — the "*Sacrificio*" of Beccari, the "*Aretusa*" of Lollo, the "*Sfortunato*" of Argenti — appeared as the roughest sketches of that species of composition beside the polished beauties of the "*Aminta*," which will always remain as a gem in the Italian language for graceful elegance of diction and purity of style. Parini considered that in it Tasso had succeeded in engrafting the choicest specimens of Italian ideas and language on the ancient beauties of the Grecian stock. He is especially happy in his "*cori*," which are masterpieces of vigorous style, and each individual specimen in itself a perfect piece of poetry. Take for example the one at the end of the second act, beginning —

Amore, in quale scuola,  
Da qual mastro s'apprende,  
La tua sì lunga e dubbia arte d'amare?

Yet Tasso himself never thought very highly of the "eclogue," as he called the "*Aminta*," nor did he take any steps to have it published. It was not printed until after the control of his works had passed out of his hands during his imprisonment. At that time (1580) it was printed at the Aldine Press, with a preface by Aldo il giovane, in which he laments with much feeling the sad condition of "*Il Signor Torquato*."\*

The "*Aminta*" was represented with great splendour at the court of Ferrara in 1573; again a few years later at Mantua, when the artist and architect Buontalenti painted the scenery, and the duchess of Urbino summoned Tasso to her court that she might hear the famous *pastorale* from the lips of the author.

Tasso made a happy sojourn there of a few months, and during that time he wrote a sonnet (one of his most finished productions), "*Negli anni acerbi tuoi, purpurea rosa*," to the duchess, now in her fortieth year. Lucrezia rewarded his graceful compliments with a collar of gold and a valuable ruby, presents which afterwards, in his great poverty, he was obliged to barter for money.

Tasso's next care was to finish his great epic poem, which was eagerly looked for throughout Italy. In his anxiety to give

\* Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* vol. i. p. 300.† *Aminta*, act i. scene 2.\* Tasso, *Opere*, vol. ii. p. 10.



to his country as perfect a production as possible, he consulted all his friends upon various passages of the poem, making journeys to Padua, Bologna, Rome, Sienna, and Florence, omitting no opportunity of gaining assistance in his task from all the learned men he knew. Thus portions of the poem would pass from hand to hand, till the printers somehow or other gained possession of them and surreptitiously printed them, to the great annoyance of Tasso, before the whole work was complete. In this manner, now two cantos, now four at a time, appeared in various cities of Italy, but even in this imperfect state they were received with enthusiastic applause.

At length, in 1575, the first complete edition of the poem was published, and throughout the literary *accademie* and circles of Italy nothing else was discussed, while comparisons were immediately instituted between the "*Gerusalemme*" of Tasso and the "*Orlando Furioso*" of Ariosto. A greater mistake could hardly have been made, for it is obvious that there is an essential difference between the two poems. Tiraboschi observes that you might as well compare the "*Æneid*" of Virgil with Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*;" but of this a few more words will be said at the end of the paper. It is only mentioned here because it was the first cause of the fierce attacks of the *Accademia della Crusca*, which so vexed and wounded the sensitive spirit of Tasso, the first cloud which announced the storm of trouble about to burst over his devoted head.

On his return to Ferrara in 1576 the duke appointed him biographer of the house of Este, in place of his former secretary Pigna, who from that time forward became his bitter enemy, and stirred up the jealousy and malice of the other courtiers to show itself in open persecution. Tasso's letters were opened and intercepted, and his papers stolen.

Notwithstanding their petty intrigues and jealousies, they had not as yet succeeded in poisoning the duke's ear against him, and he stood as high as ever in the favour of the court. The princesses continued to show him every mark of esteem. Leonora, in order to distract him from these harassing vexations and troubles, invited him to her villa at Consandoli, on the borders of the Po, about eighteen miles from Ferrara. Soothed by her kindness, and happy in her presence, he put the finishing touches to the episode of

Erminia,\* one of the favourite passages of his poem. He was never tired of polishing and repolishing this cherished work of his genius, and, far from having sanctioned the edition published in 1575, he complained bitterly that the poem had been fraudulently snatched from his hands before it was complete, and persuaded the duke to write to the pope, to the republic of Genoa, the duke of Parma, and many other Italian princes, to prohibit the publication of the poem without his sanction. Up to this period he seems to have succeeded in concealing from every one his passion for Leonora, although, to those who are now aware of his secret, the thought of her seems to pervade all his writings, and appears under some form or another in all the varied productions of his poetical genius.†

But on his return from Consandoli, in an unguarded moment he confided the first hint of his secret to one of the courtiers — Maddalò by name — whom he trusted and believed to be his friend. Maddalò proved himself instead to be a traitor of the blackest dye. Tasso became aware of his treachery — a quarrel and a duel ensued. The cowardly traitor brought his two brothers with him, and all three set simultaneously upon Tasso.

But Tasso, not unlike one of the brave heroes of his poem, proved himself more than a match for all his three enemies, so that they fled before him, and the streets of Ferrara resounded with the saying —

Colla penna e colla spada  
Nessun val quanto Torquato.

(Wield he the sword, or wield he the pen,  
Torquato is greater than other men.)

This skirmish had unhappily the effect of increasing his suspicions, and he sank into a state of melancholy from which nothing could divert him. He mistrusted everybody; he even began to doubt himself. He thought himself guilty of heresy — he feared his faith was not so firm as it ought to be — that his philosophical speculations had led him into error respecting the great truths of religion. Tormented and perplexed, he volunteered to go twice before the Inquisition at Bologna and Ferrara, and, although somewhat reassured, he was not satisfied, because absolution had not formally been administered to him. Then another apprehension as-

\* *Gerusalemme liberata*, c. vii.

† The whole question has been ably treated by Professor Rosini in an essay upon the "*Amore del Tasso*." (*Opere del Tasso*, vol. 33.)



sailed him, lest his enemies should take away his life either by poison or the sword. One of the attendants aroused his suspicion to such an extent that he forgot himself so far as to draw his dagger upon him in the apartments of the duchess of Urbino. For this action the duke caused him to be arrested, but more out of regard to his own safety than in punishment for the offence.

Up to this time the duke seems to have had patience with eccentricities and suspicions which might have aroused harsher feelings, for he soon set Tasso at liberty, and invited him to his villa at Belriguardo. It is here that Goethe lays the scene of his drama of "Tasso." But here, whether weary of the poet's importunities, or whether his malicious enemies first awakened in the duke's mind a suspicion of Tasso's passion for the princess, is not known; but Alfonso, as the only way of disposing of the unheard-of presumption that a gentleman of his court should dare to raise his eyes to one of the princesses of the house of Este, caused it to be intimated to Tasso that he should feign himself mad.

It was, indeed, no wonder that Tasso left Ferrara in indignation, recording the insult in the never-to-be-forgotten lines —

Tor mi potevi, alto Signor, la vita,  
Chè de' Sovrani è l' usurpato diritto,  
Ma tirmi quel, che la bontà infinita  
Senno mi diè, perchè d' amore ho scritto  
(D' amore, a cui natura e il ciel m' invita),  
E delitto maggior d' ogni delitto.  
Perdon chiedi, tu mèl negasti: addio:  
Mi pento ognor del pentimento mio.

He fled away poor, footsore, wayworn, to his sister at Sorrento, to whom he first showed himself in the disguise of a shepherd, and, to try her affections, told her that her brother was far off in peril of his life. When reassured, by her unfeigned grief, of her affection, he told her the truth, and she affectionately received him, striving by every means in her power to soothe his troubled mind.

While at Sorrento, Manso tells us that he received a twice-repeated summons back to Ferrara from "Madama Leonora." But it appears from Tasso's own letter to the duca d' Urbino that the duke never invited him to return. Happier far would it have been for Tasso had he resisted the invitation; for although on his arrival at Ferrara he was received at court, Alfonso had not forgiven him. The poet's enemies continued to pour their malicious tales into his patron's ear. Tasso was

never allowed a personal interview with the duke, and very soon the princesses were forbidden to receive him.

Again he fled from Ferrara to Mantua, to Urbino, to Torino, where, under the name of "Omero Fuggiguerra," he arrived in such a sad plight, that the keepers of the gates of the city would not have admitted him had not Ingegneri, the Venetian printer, who had printed sixteen cantos of the "*Gerusalemme*," recognized him, and announced who he was.

In vain did the marchese Filippo d'Este and the prince Carlo Immanuele implore him to stay at their court. His unlucky steps took him back to Ferrara for the third time. He arrived there in February 1579, just before the entry of the duke's third bride.

He presented himself at the threshold of the palace. The duke, intent on the wedding preparations, would not receive him; the princesses were not allowed to do so; the courtiers jeered at him. Tasso's bruised and wounded spirit could endure no more insults. He broke out into fierce-invectives against the duke and the whole house of Este, retracted his praises, cursed his past life, abused the vile race of courtiers. Alas! there were too many evil tongues ready to carry these reproaches to the ear of the duke, and Tasso was shut up as insane in the hospital of Sant Anna in Ferrara.

It is not the intention of this essay to dwell on the piteous spectacle presented by Tasso in the asylum of Sant Anna, nor to recall the painful circumstances connected with it—details of physical and mental anguish so terrible that the pen of his contemporary historians refused to fill them in, and left the passages blank. Moreover, a subject so pathetic has naturally furnished a theme for great writers in poetry and prose.

Byron caused himself to be locked for an hour in the poet's cell, whose narrow limits contained

Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier,

before he wrote the poem which records his sufferings.\*

Shelley brought away with him a piece of the very door "which, for seven years and three months, divided this glorious being from the air and the light which had nourished in him those influences which he has communicated through his poetry

\* "Lament of Tasso." Byron's Works, vol. iii. p. 213.

to thousands." Montaigne visited him, and writes compassionately of his "*pitieux estat*." And two modern poets,\* his countrymen, once more relate to free Italian ears the story of a prince's tyranny and a poet's fame.

Whatever may be the surmise as to the motive which prompted the iniquitous conduct of the duke, the real reason has remained wrapped in that impenetrable mystery with which it pleased the Italian princes to shroud their crimes. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that records of similar cruelties stain the history of almost every state and republic of Italy. The rippling waves of the Venetian lagoon yet hide the witness of many a deed of darkness, and the treacherous instruments still preserved in the arsenal remain as tangible proofs that no law of friendship, chivalry, or honour, was allowed to stand between a tyrant and the object of his revenge.

It suited the purposes of Alfonso that Tasso should be considered a madman, therefore he was imprisoned in the foul precincts of Sant Anna. The biographers of the house of Este use every endeavour to prove that the poet was really out of his senses, in order to excuse the conduct of the duke. Admitting, for the sake of argument, this to be true, would it justify him in condemning the great genius of the age to languish among the common herd of lunatics, stunned by their perpetual meaningless clamour, shocked by the sight of their sufferings, placed, in short, in circumstances revolting to every one of his refined and delicate senses? Had his affliction been of the nature which the duke pretended it to be, he should have been treated with every mark of consideration and respect, and not exposed to treatment which, far from curing it, was calculated to aggravate it in the highest degree. But such was not the case. Indeed, the perfect sanity of the poet's mind only added to the horror of his situation, enabling him to sound with fearful accuracy the depths of the abyss into which he had fallen. What higher proof of his sanity could be urged than that it withstood shocks sufficient to shake the reason of most men from its seat?

Let any one read his "*Dialoghi*"† — treatises composed during his imprisonment — models of calm, dispassionate reasoning, or his poetry, full of the deepest

and tenderest pathos, and then judge if Tasso's reason was not entirely within his control. Would they not rather wonder that, in spite of the fearful circumstances in which he found himself, he was able to retain a poet's keen imagination, a philosopher's serenity of thought?

The original of one of his treatises ("*Il Malpiglio Secondo*") written throughout in his own hand, is still to be seen in the British Museum,\* and as we reverently turn its yellow parchment pages, what a train of compassionate recollections do they awake! Copies can also be seen in the same place of his letters to the duke of Urbino, imploring him to procure his release from captivity.

But we must pass over the recital of his numerous entreaties, addressed either directly or indirectly to his inexorable tyrant; the palpable contradiction presented by his being called upon to write from a lunatic asylum the defence of his poem against the attacks of the *Accademia della Crusca* — "a handful," says Monti, of "insolent sophists, who, like a pack of yelping curs round a sick lion, have made it their business to insult the great genius of the age;"† and the alternations of hope and fear which must have often made his heart sick, — to notice the effect produced by his sufferings upon his character.

Despite the cruel nature of his imprisonment, no abuse of his tormentor ever passed his lips, nor did he ever turn against him the weapon he had once used in his cause; for it should always be remembered that the words "*Tu Magnanimo Alfonso*," still stand unerased from the first page of the "*Gerusalemme liberata*."

No dark thought of putting an end to his almost unendurable misery by suicide seems ever to have presented itself to his mind. The following passage in the "*Torrismondo*," gives us a clue to his thoughts on this awful subject. In it he blames him who —

Against himself

Would arm his impious and reckless hand,  
Scare from its sacred tenement the soul  
Which o'er the body keeps a holy ward,  
Placed there by God, yielding alone to Him  
The trust He gave. Who, when the task is  
o'er,  
Will call it back to heaven whence it came.‡

\* Manuscripts. Additions to the department of MSS. in the British Museum, 1841-1845, folio 12,045, p. 29.

† Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* vol. i. p. 31.

‡ *Torrismondo*, act i. scene 2. — So Spenser (who died one year after Tasso) writes:

\* Riccardo Ceroni, and Aleardo Aleardi.  
† 1. *Il Messaggiero*. 2. *Il Gonzaga*. 3. *Il Padre di Famiglia*. 4. *Il Malpiglio Secondo*, etc., vols. viii. viii. *Opere del Tasso*.

He held fast to those earnest religious convictions which had early sunk deep into his mind, and now in the midst of the wreck of his hopes he fixed his thoughts steadfastly upon God, "who," he says, in one of his letters, written from Sant Anna, "never abandons those that firmly believe in Him." And nothing ever shook this trust, not even when in the lonely hours of the night, worn with illness, and unable to rest, his fevered fancy would people his cell with strange forms and phantoms tempting him to despair.

But the years of patient endurance were not to remain unrewarded; the pale, haggard face was not always to gaze piteously through the iron bars of his prison, for the long-desired release came at last. We must again have recourse to surmise to account for the motive which suddenly induced Alfonso to set his victim free.

During the confinement of Tasso in the asylum, Leonora d' Este died, in the forty-fifth year of her age. Up to this period Alfonso gave no hope of ever releasing Tasso from imprisonment, but after that time he was gradually brought to relent. First a change of apartment was provided for the unfortunate poet. Later he was allowed to pay a visit to the duchess Marfisa d' Este, who was so enraptured with his poem that she implored her cousin (Alfonso) as a personal favour to allow her to invite the author to her villa at Maddalera for one day. This was granted, provided that he was conveyed there and back to Sant Anna in a close carriage. After this, by degrees, the rigour of his imprisonment was relaxed; and at length, but not till he was so ill that it was hardly possible for him to recover, in compliance with the supplications of the whole city of Bergamo, the united prayers of Vincenzo Gonzaga, Cesare d' Este and Virginia de' Medici, whose marriage was about to be solemnized, on the 5th of July, 1586, Tasso was set free.

Free once more to breathe the pure air of heaven, to drink in those beauties of nature which he has so eloquently described, to listen to the song of the birds, to enjoy the sweet smell of the flowers and all the summer glory of his enchanting country — to him these must in truth have seemed "an opening paradise."

Before closing this painful chapter of

his life, we must call attention to one of the worst traits in Alfonso's character — his refusal to allow Tasso to kiss his hand before leaving Ferrara — a last favour which, in token of his free forgiveness, the injured poet asked of his former patron.

Tasso lived nine years after his release from captivity. At first he was courteously entertained in the palace of the duke of Mantua, the father of his deliverer, Vincenzo Gonzaga. "I am in Mantua," he writes to his friend Licino, "the guest of his Excellency the duke. I have been allowed to choose my own attendants out of his household. I am treated with deference and courtesy. I have good food, delicious fruit, excellent bread, and choice wines like those my father used to delight in."\*

This state of ease and tranquillity was unhappily of short duration. Duke Guglielmo of Mantua died. Vincenzo, his son, was too much taken up with the cares of his new dignity to bestow much thought or care upon Tasso, who again set out on his wanderings. The poverty and misfortune which had clung to him all his life still attended him; and it is sad to see him roaming restlessly from city to city, from place to place — he, the author of the great poem of the age, forced to implore the loan of ten *scudi* to pay his expenses to Rome.

At first also he was tormented by fears lest Alfonso should even now drag him back to the cell whence he had escaped with such difficulty. A modern poet † describes his situation in very pathetic language, which can hardly be done justice to in a translation: —

O'er fields and plains he roams,  
Pale, soiled, a mendicant from door to door,  
His mind distraught with anguish. Can this  
be

The gentle poet-knight? Ever behind,  
Nearer and nearer still, there seems to come  
Fast in pursuit the gallop of a horse;  
Perchance some officer to drag him back  
To foul Sant Anna's narrow prison walls!  
Were there in truth around forms with weird  
hands

Outstretched to snatch from him his cherished  
lays,

The polished work, the ceaseless toil of years,  
And cast them to the winds? Strewing the  
sheets

Along the way-worn track, or on the banks  
Which line the desert way! He almost doubts  
In sheer perplexity his very self.

Was his poetic genius but a dream,

\* Manso, *Vita de Tasso*, p. 187.

† Aleardo Aleardi, p. 113.

"The term of life is limited,  
Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it;  
The souldier may not move from watchful sted,  
Nor leave his stand until his captain bed."

*Fairy Queen*, Book I. c. ix.

A futile fancy his immortal work?  
 Tancred, Clorinda, all the noble forms  
 And bright creations of his poet's muse,  
 But vain imaginations?

Half tempted by the offer of the ethical and poetical chair of the academy "*Degli Addormentati*," at Genoa, he felt obliged to decline it because of the impaired powers of his memory; and once again he returned to Mantua, to dedicate his recently-finished tragedy of "*Torrismondo*" to the new duke. A long course of insult and injury had rendered the unhappy poet sensitive to an almost morbid degree. Dissatisfied with his reception, fancying that his new dignity had changed the countenance of his former friend towards him, he left Mantua for Rome, with the especial intention of making a pilgrimage to Loretto. Footsore, poverty-stricken, and well-nigh exhausted, he accomplished his vow, and then pushed on towards Rome. But fresh disappointment awaited him there. He had neither strength nor spirit left to struggle and strive among the crowd of place-seekers in the court of the papal palace to obtain the reward which ought freely to have been bestowed upon the greatest poet of the day.

Again he turned away and fled to Naples, cherishing, as a last hope, the thought of recovering his forfeited paternal inheritance. In this, as in every other matter connected with worldly prosperity, he was unsuccessful. Nevertheless, in that peaceful and beautiful sojourn his mind was able to rest content. The soft, delicious climate was like balm to his shattered health; his eye rested with pleasure upon the bay which has no rival in Europe, the deep blue of the glorious sea, the stately buildings, the fresh fountains, the abundance of fruits, and the ever-blowing flowers; and his interest was daily awakened by the scene of animation before him in the concourse of strangers from all parts of the world, the splendour of their equipages, and all the gay throng of chivalry which had had such charms for him in former days.

In order to escape from the courteous invitations which were showered upon him, he retired for a short time to the quiet monastery of Monte Oliveto. Many went thither to pay their respects to him; among others, Manso, Marchese della Villa, his great friend, and the writer of the biography often quoted in this paper. We next hear of Tasso paying a visit to Bisaccio, the villa of the marchese; and we read with pleasure the report of Manso,

that "Il Tasso is now become so keen a huntsman, that he despises all inclemencies of weather. In the evening we spend many pleasant hours listening to music and singing. He especially delights in the *improvvisatori*, admiring their readiness in versification, in which he always considered himself to be deficient."\*

But again his love of wandering carried him back to Rome, to be again received with coldness by his former friend, Scipio Gonzaga, and to throw himself once more upon the hospitality of the monks of Monte Oliveto, whence also he fled away, and was afterwards discovered in circumstances of the greatest poverty in the hospital of the Bergamaschi. However, his troubled life was not destined to endure much longer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

He had patiently borne each and all of the

whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

But a tardy justice was at last to be paid to his genius; and like a flame flashing for a brief instant before it expires was the earthly glory of the unfortunate Tasso. The duke of Mantua pressed him to return to his court. The grand duke of Tuscany invited him to Florence, and there all the academies and the literary world, with the exception of the envious Cruscans, poured out to welcome him and do him honour. In Rome, through the good offices of Cinzio Aldobrandini, the nephew of Pope Clement VIII., he was given an apartment in the Vatican, with an annual income of two hundred *scudi*. Here he completed the "*Gerusalemme conquistata*," an unfortunate result produced by the harsh criticisms showered upon the "*Gerusalemme liberata*." Lastly, the wreath of poet's laurel which had crowned Petrarch was now destined to adorn Tasso's head.

It is a fact worthy of note that in both cases this distinction was obtained by an inferior production of either poet: the "*Scipio Africanus*" of Petrarch, and the "*Gerusalemme conquistata*" of Tasso. And this coveted honour, which Tasso had deservedly won in the first flower of his youth, now came too late. The cere-

\* Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* vol. i. p. 316.



mony was delayed that it might be performed with more solemnity; and his health, long undermined by disease, hardships, and sorrow, at length gave way. His wanderings were over forever when his weary steps halted at last at the threshold of the quiet monastery of San Onofrio, on the summit of the Janiculum. "I come," he said to the monks, who received him with pitying glances, "to die among you." Here he spent the last weeks of his life sitting under the shade of the oak, whose boughs stretched out over the garden, looking on the beautiful prospect before him of the ancient capital of the world. Surely those mighty ruins, on whose dim outlines his thoughtful gaze loved to rest, must have added one more example to the long, stern lesson of his life as to the vanity of human greatness, the futility of earthly desires.

But further teaching was scarcely needed now. His spirit, long ago chastened by suffering, and firmly fixed on another and brighter world, was only waiting the last summons to flee away and be at rest. It was not long delayed. On the 10th of April, 1595, he was told by the papal physician, sent on purpose to attend him, that there was but little hope of his recovery, and from that day till the 25th, when he died, he turned his thoughts heavenward.

There is a touching simplicity in the contemporary narrative of the last days of his life. "Father," he said to his confessor, who was attending him, "write, that I give my spirit back to GOD who gave it, my body to the earth whence it was taken, to be laid in this church of San Onofrio. My goods I leave to the lord cardinal Cinzio, and I pray him to restore to Il Signor Giambattista Manso the little portrait of me painted by his wish, and only lent to me for life. To this monastery I bequeath this sacred image of our dear Lord," — and, as he spoke, he clasped the crucifix of singularly beautiful workmanship which hung beside his bed. A few days afterwards he received the last sacraments of the Church, and died peacefully with the unfinished ejaculation on his lips, "Into thy hands, O Lord —"

That same evening his body, according to his wish, found a last resting-place in the church of San Onofrio.

The simple inscription, "*Hic jacet Torquatus Tassus*," graven in the stone, still marks the place of his repose, —

And nought remains to mark thy last abode  
But the bright waters of a sparkling well,  
And simple stone, and the eternal smile

Of the Campagna. Suffer us once more  
To wake thy golden lyre, that we may touch  
With trembling hand the chord which tells  
thy fame.\*

When we remember that the pen of Tasso never rested from the time when, at seventeen, it produced the "*Rinaldo*" up to the very last days of his life, and that he died in his fifty-first year, we cannot wonder that twenty-five volumes remain to us of his writings. It would not only be presumptuous, but impossible, to attempt to do more than give a passing notice of them in these pages.

His prose compositions may be divided into "*Dialoghi*," "*Discorsi*," and "*Lettere*." His "*Discorsi*," Ginguéné† tells us, especially the one which relates to heroic poetry, prove how much he had meditated on the poetics of Aristotle; the "*Dialoghi*" how deeply he had studied Plato. Any one of these "*Dialoghi*," the "*Messaggerio*," for instance, is well worth reading as a sample of the clear reasoning and pellucid style which characterizes his prose as well as his poetic writings. Of these last the "*Rinaldo*" and "*Amin-ta*" have already been mentioned; of the "*Torrismondo*," begun before and finished after his imprisonment, Tasso himself had not a high opinion. The dialogue is reckoned dull and heavy, but the *cori*, like those in the "*Amin-ta*," are full of fire and spirit, and the concluding one pictures forth his recent sufferings with great pathos. The whole manuscript, in his own handwriting and the original vellum binding, has been recently added to the collection in the British Museum.‡

The poem on the Creation ("*Il Mondo Creato*") was the last work of Tasso's life, but only the two first books were ever finished, the five last being merely sketched out. In the completed portions there are some fine passages — the creation of light on the first day,§ that of the firmament on the second day, and a remarkable protest against the presumptuous folly of astrologers and star-gazers. Milton is supposed to have borrowed many of his ideas for "*Paradise Lost*" from this poem.

But all these minor works sink into

\* Aleardo Aleardi, p. 115.

† Vol. v. p. 30.

‡ Catalogue of Additional Manuscripts, 1860. Add. 23,778. This autograph manuscript of Tasso, filled with numerous alterations and corrections, was given by Licino (the friend who announced to Tasso his release from Sant Anna) to Abbioso the poet (1588); it subsequently fell into the hands of the Minorite Ottaviano Cameriani of Ravenna, and was presented by him to Cardinal Cybo (1650), whose arms it still bears on the cover.

§ *Mondo Creato*, p. 19.

comparative insignificance beside the great production of his genius, the "*Gerusalemme liberata*," and here again the discussions and controversies which occupied for years the attention of the literary Italian world can scarcely be reduced into a few paragraphs.

It is necessary, however, to point out as briefly as possible the cause which first raised the storm of criticism.

When the "*Gerusalemme*" first appeared, the poem of Ariosto was at the zenith of its fame, and it was imitated with servility by all the inferior poets. But the genius of Tasso early taught him, that, if he was to rival Ariosto, it could not be by following in his steps, that he could not surpass the "*Orlando Furioso*" as an achievement of romantic poetry. An epic poem, however, like those of Homer and Virgil, had as yet been untried by an Italian poet, and this was the path which Tasso resolved to follow in pursuit of fame. This appears in his reply to the letter full of eulogy addressed to him by Orazio Ariosto, the nephew of Ariosto: "The crown you would honour me with," writes Tasso, "already adorns the head of the poet to whom you are related, from whence it would be as easy to snatch it as to wrest the club from the hand of Hercules. I would no more receive it from your hand than I would snatch it myself. I honour him (Ariosto); I pay him every mark of respect. I publicly declare him to be my father in the art of poetry, my master, my prince," etc.

But despite these protestations, despite the pains Tasso had taken to follow a completely different route from Ariosto, his enemies would insist upon accusing Tasso of the presumption of contending with Ariosto; and the ill-advised, but well-meant treatise of Camillo Pellegrino\* only confirmed them in this idea.

We will not attempt to deal with the pedantic criticisms and wholesale vituperations by which the recently-founded "*Accademia della Crusca*"† hoped to attain an early celebrity. To these Tasso replied with calm dignity, —

With a glory round his furrow'd brow,  
Which emanated then, and dazzles now,  
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,  
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow  
No strain which shamed his country's creaking  
lyre,  
That whetstone of the teeth — monotony in  
wire.‡

\* *Opere di Tasso*, vol. xviii. 20.

† 1583.

‡ Child Harold, Canto IV. xxxviii.

It is a more pleasing task to quote the opinion of Metastasio. "If Apollo," he says, "were to take a fancy to endow me with a great poetical genius, and commanded me to declare which of these great poems ("*Orlando Furioso*" and "*Gerusalemme liberata*") I should wish the production of my genius to resemble, I should certainly make my choice with great hesitation, but I think my natural inclination to order, exactitude, and method would decide me in favour of the '*Gerusalemme*.'" "Thus he writes," says Tiraboschi, whose comment on this opinion is still more interesting, "with the modesty of a really great man; but I should reply with more courage to Apollo, and my answer would be different. Were he to ask me to write an epic poem, I should beg him to make me resemble Tasso; were I to undertake a romantic poem, I should desire to imitate Ariosto; but if I were to choose which of these poets I should most wish to resemble in their natural gift for poetry, I should first of all beg Tasso's pardon, but I should pray Apollo to bestow on me the natural gift of Ariosto."\*

It is certainly a truth not to be denied, that Tasso was apt to overlay with too refined and artificial ornament scenes of natural pathos which would have been more vigorously painted by the bolder hand of Ariosto. But this trivial failing does not justify the harsh opinion expressed in the spiteful lines of Boileau: —

Tous les jours à la cour un sot de qualité  
Peut juger de travers avec impunité,  
A Malherbe, à Racan, préférer Théophile,  
Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile —

which, eagerly caught up and repeated have done more than any other criticism to damage Tasso's reputation as a poet. Ginguené tries to explain away the lines. Boileau, he says, never meant to imply that because Tasso's poetry contained some alloy it was not also full of precious metal. He only blamed those who prefer the artificial portions of "*Gerusalemme*" to all the solid gold of Virgil, and, afterwards, in another passage of his "*Art Poétique*," the French satirist considerably modified his opinion of Tasso. It may be doubted, by the way, whether he was aware that Tasso's happiest imitation, the famous verse on the sick child, was taken from Lucretius. Unhappily Boileau's partial recantation is forgotten, while

\* Tir. vii. 1267, 1268.

the former lines are remembered; and it is difficult not to think, with Byron, that these were inspired by an envious motive.

Let us now turn from refuting the criticisms of the "*Gerusalemme liberata*," to point out some of the great intrinsic merits of the poem. In the choice of his subject Tasso was especially fortunate. At all times calculated to enlist the earnest sympathy of the Christian reader the circumstances of the age give it a still more marked and definite interest. The peaceful condition of Europe had left the Christian states free to turn their arms against the Turks, and it seemed hardly probable that they would shortly be compelled to surrender their "*grande ingiusta preda*,"\* for just at the moment when Tasso, in his twenty-seventh year, was still engaged on his poem, the Christian forces had won the famous victory of Lepanto (1571). This war against the Turks naturally diverted the stream of European thought back into the old channel of the crusades, and many warriors entertained the hope that another crusade would shortly be organized.

The oration pronounced in honour of Tasso before the academy at Ferrara, the year after his death (1596), concludes with a passionate entreaty to all the princes of Europe to avenge the depredations of the Turks, and not to cease from warfare till, like new Godfreys, they had hung up their victorious arms as trophies before the Holy Sepulchre.

In the military plan and operations of his poem Tasso is considered unrivalled by another poet, and this success is considered, in some measure, to be due to the instructions of Alfonso. During the happier days of his court favour at Ferrara, Tasso would consult the duke, who piqued himself on his generalship, as to the march of the troops, their plan of attack, the position of vantage, the method of conducting the siege, and all the military features of the enterprise.

Again, Godfrey de Bouillon is a model general, while he is also an example of calm, faultless virtue. The other knights, Tancred and Rinaldo, despite their courage and chivalry, are not so attractive as heroes as the bright, captivating Clorinda, or the modest, gentle Erminia as heroines. Each of the detached episodes in which they appear is in itself a perfect picture, while they do not hinder the unity of purpose which gives such a distinct cohe-

rence to the action of the poem, causing it to march in an undeviating course to its conclusion.

These are some of the main features of the "*Gerusalemme*," but every Italian scholar will rather turn to the poem itself, and recall some of the favourite passages which it contains — the grand opening stanzas, the soul-stirring description of the crusaders' first sight of Jerusalem, the pathetic beauty of Dudone's death, the flight of Erminia, Tancred and Clorinda, their battle and her death, which can hardly be read with dry eyes. In the description of nature, Tasso is peculiarly happy, whether he describes the gradual coming on of night with her "*stellato velo*" (vi. 103), or the sea with her "*cerulei campi spumanti*" (xvi. 4), or the cool waters of a spring which "*mormorando sen va gelida e bruna*" (xv. 56), or when he seizes upon the slightest circumstance, such as the varied hue of the feathers,

Che di gentile

Amorosa colomba il collo cinge (xv. 5),

and interweaves it as a bright ornament in his chain of description, or, as a last example, when he rises to the sublime in his account of the ruins of Carthage (xv. 20).

It was, in truth, no wonder that the polished stanzas found a responsive chord in every Italian heart from the first moment of their publication. The princes caused them to be read aloud in their courts, the priests murmured them in the shade of the cloister, the people loved them, the gondolier would recite them in soft melancholy cadence as he steered himself through the water-streets of Venice or launched out towards the Lido, the brigand of the Abruzzi, with their sound still in his ears, would not hurt a hair of the poet's head when he journeyed alone and unfriended towards Rome; even the galley-slaves of Livorno, as, chained together, they dragged their weary steps along the shore, would chant fragments of the crusader's litany in the "*Gerusalemme liberata*."

In the space of six months after its first publication it was reprinted seven times — six times in Italy and once in France,\* and two thousand copies of Ingegneri's edition were sold in two days.

As the "*Rinaldo*" marked the dawn of Tasso's poetical genius, and the "*Gerusalemme liberata*" its meridian splendour, so the "*Gerusalemme conquistata*"

\* *Gerusalemme liberata*, C. I. v.

\* Milman's "Life of Tasso," vol. ii. p. 39.

may be considered as its sunset. The expiring rays still shine on such passages as the dream of Godfrey (c. x.), or the attack on Jerusalem; but whereas the "*Gerusalemme liberata*" will be considered one of the classics of Italy so long as her language remains, the "*Conquistata*," pared and tamed down in deference to the opinion of his merciless critics, and filled with elaborate allegories, is scarcely if at all read, and then only to compare with its predecessor, and lament over the omission of the finest passages of the first poem.

Space forbids the mention of his numerous *canzone* and *madrigali* in every varied form of poetical beauty; but however brief and imperfect this notice may have been, enough has perhaps been said to prove that his works were indeed the faithful mirror of his mind and character.

In his philosophical essays—and it should be remembered in what fearful circumstances many of these were written—we notice a calm, patient reasoning, a well-balanced order of thought, unmoved by passion, unshaken by misfortune. Nor can we render full justice to this gravity and sobriety of mind till we have learnt from his enthusiastic poetry that, far from being cold and reserved, his nature was sensitive and passionate in the highest degree, his tender love of everything that was beautiful or noble speaking in every line of every poem, and awakening a kindred feeling in the heart of his reader.

Of gentle birth, he was also a gentleman in the truest sense of the word. Courage, chivalry, loyalty, were among the brightest ornaments of his character, and to these may be added that essentially Christian virtue, forgiveness of injuries. How perfectly he fulfilled this last duty let each who reads his life judge for himself.

Lastly, the "*Gerusalemme liberata*" gives us the true clue to that deep piety which sustained him throughout his troubled, storm-tossed life, and guided him safely into the haven of peace and rest. It is true that the earthly crown of glory slipped from his dying grasp, but we cannot grieve on this account when we remember the words which he puts in the mouth of his favourite hero, and which are now so applicable to himself—

Già non si deve a te doglia nè pianto;  
Chè, se morì nel mondo, in ciel rinasci;  
E qui, dove ti spogli il mortal manto,  
Di gloria impresse alte vestigia lasci.  
Vivesti qual guerrier cristiano e santo,  
E come tal sei morto: o godi, e pasci

In Dio gli occhi bramosi, o felice alma,  
Ed hai del ben oprar corona e palma.  
(*Gerusalemme liberata*, canto iii. 68.)

We need not mourn for thee, here laid to rest;  
Earth is thy bed, and not thy grave; the skies  
Are for thy soul the cradle and the nest;  
There live, for here thy glory never dies;  
For like a Christian knight and champion  
blest,

Thou didst both live and die; now feed thine  
eyes

With thy Redeemer's sight, where, crown'd  
with bliss,

Thy faith, zeal, merit, well-deserving is.

(Fairfax's translation.)

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

From The Spectator.

#### MISS AUSTEN'S COUNTRY.

IF there be a region easy to get at, beautiful when one reaches it, and calculated to satisfy all one's susceptibility to associations, that region is Box Hill and its surroundings. It has hitherto been specially honoured rather as a convenient and picturesque spot for picnics, than as a place of pilgrimage as it ought to be regarded in an age which is perpetually breaking out into memorials, and by people who think nothing of rushing to the ends of the earth in order to tread in the imperishable footprints of the unforgotten great. We cannot all follow Horace to Brundisium, even by rail, or come up with Alexander at the Œxus, but most of us could "explore to Box Hill," and find ourselves in company with those valued friends of whom Miss Austen painted miniatures on ivory which, though we do indeed "wear them constant next our hearts," have no other resemblance to the works of art made famous by Mrs. Gamp, for their colours don't "run," and we don't want them to be "took back."

The boundaries of Miss Austen's country are just vague enough to make speculation respecting them pleasant. She liked the cosy, rich, refined, cultivated "Home" counties, and the snuggest, most prosperous parts of them. Mansfield Park was in Herfordshire, and have we not seen many a parsonage which might be that very house in which Dr. Grant outraged the housewifely memories of Mrs. Norris by the introduction of a round dinner-table, and made little of the flavour of the fruit upon the apricot-tree which had "cost her—no, it was a present from Sir Thomas, but she had seen



the bill, and it had cost seven shillings, and was charged as a Moor-park!" Rosings was in Kent, and when we drive past those trim, lovely hedgerows, and see the plantations beyond, can we not make choice among the former of the garden-boundary of that abode in which Mrs. Collins dexterously assigned the front room to her husband, so that he might relieve her of his society while he watched for the pony-carriage in which "Lady Catharine and Miss de Bourgh did his humble dwelling the honour of passing it several times a day," and see, on the fringes of the latter, the very spot where Mr. Darcy put his angry love-letter into the hand of Elizabeth Bennet, to whom, by the way, one always grudges Darcy and Pemberley a little? But it is not "Pride and Prejudice," or "Mansfield Park," which travels closely with the visitor to the Box-Hill region, as much as "Emma," that quite incomparable novel, in which the unique talent of the wonderful woman whose works may fail to charm us in our youth, but are an ever-increasing joy to our middle age, is at its perfection. From the height we overlook the whole of her especial country (the Dashwoods were only episodically located in Devonshire, and there can be no doubt that Anne Elliot and Frederick Wentworth ultimately settled within easy reach of town); but Box Hill itself, and all the rich and beautiful valley beneath it, are the places which we identify with "Emma." Hartfield and Highbury, Randalls, Donwell Abbey, the Abbey Mill Farm, and the Vicarage, where Mr. Elton dwelt, and which was the scene of Emma's manœuvring about her broken boot-lace; the street in which Mrs. Bates and her daughter and Jane Fairfax lived; the Crown Inn, where "the Westons" gave their famous ball, and "dear Mrs. Elton" was pronounced by Miss Bates to be "the queen of the evening," there they are, in the valley. All the people are there too, undisturbed by the railway, which would have been such a godsend to Frank Churchill; or the telegraph which would have killed Mr. Woodhouse merely by its suggestion of haste and decision. Even the general shop, in which Harriet Smith could not make up her mind whether she would leave her purchases made up in one parcel or in two parcels, and afterwards had that agitating interview with Robert Martin, which led, as all the world knows, to the happiest results, offers its odd mixture of wares to the public still. If the places did not actually stare one in the face, — there's

a house in the valley to which Harriet's description of the Abbey Mill Farm might serve as an auctioneer's advertisement, and Randalls is occupied at this moment by a distinguished novelist, who has most likely no consciousness of the fact, — one has only to look at the people. Old Mrs. Bates sits up in a window of a red-brick house, whence sounds of piano-playing issue, looking placidly at the changing of the horses of a huge wagon, laden with cauliflowers, packed with minute and tedious neatness, in front of the Crown Inn; she wears a tall cap, a silk shawl crossed over her breast, and mittens, and as we look at her, she takes off her spectacles, and holds them out towards some person in the room invisible from the street. Of course it is Frank Churchill, and the rivet of the spectacles is loose, and Jane is playing on the piano which "Colonel Campbell" sent her. That brisk figure which shows for a moment and then darts away is Miss Bates's, and she has come to tell her mother that they are invited to sup at Hartfield, on one of those occasions when "poor Mr. Woodhouse's feelings are in sad warfare," when "a basin of gruel, thin, but not too thin," is all he can conscientiously recommend, and though "he loves to have the cloth laid, because it was the fashion of his youth, his conviction of the unwholesomeness of suppers makes him sorry to see anything put upon it." The postman is actually coming out of Mrs. Goddard's gate, and oh! how nice it would be, if one might go in and ask to be shown the neat parlour hung round with fancy-work. Young Cole looks out of his office-window, and nods to Mr. Weston, who is on his way to tell tales of the unreasonableness of Mrs. Churchill to all Highbury, in strict confidence, but stops a moment to report upon his wife's health to Mr. Perry, talking through the window of the trim carriage which the doctor really has set up, since the memorable "blunder" which Frank Churchill made, and the delightful lovers' quarrel which arose out of it. This is William Larkin coming along the shady road; one knows him in a moment, for he glances contemptuously at some neglected timber — they don't neglect their timber at the Abbey — and one sees that he has been "having it out" with Mr. Knightley, perhaps about the store-apples.

Down here, however, one sees all these delightful people piecemeal; the secret for collecting them together at their best is to "explore" to Box Hill, in a barouche landau. We know from "dear Mrs. El-

ton" that a barouche-landau holds four perfectly, and that no other vehicle was considered so fit for "exploring" purposes at Maple Grove, that delightful place, where Mr. Suckling had been a resident for eleven years, his father having had it before him; at least, dear Mrs. Elton was "almost sure that old Mr. Suckling had completed the purchase before his death." If one has the good fortune to visit friends who know Miss Austen thoroughly, and are alive to the felicity of being in her country, of course they will not think of exploring to Box Hill in anything but a barouche-landau, and they will naturally regret that "Selina," and Mrs. Bragge, Mrs. Partridge, and Mrs. James Cooper, — those friends of dear Mrs. Elton's, who all gave up music after their marriage, and of whose toils she was reminded by "being shut up half an hour with her house-keeper," are not to be of the muster awaiting them at the scene of the famous picnic. It will be so charming to know that one's topography cannot be far wrong, because Emma and her party had only seven miles to drive to Box Hill, and Hartfield was sixteen miles from London.

"Box Hill is not Switzerland," says Miss Woodhouse to Frank Churchill (at Donwell, where dear Mrs. Elton has been doing the country-party business up to her notions by "wearing a large bonnet, and bringing one of her little baskets — that one with the pink riband — hanging on her arm," and has assured "Knightley" that he is "a humourist, quite a humourist"), — "it is not Switzerland, but it will be something for a young man so much in want of change." It ought to be quite enough for anybody, with the touch of the autumn loveliness upon it, the delicious stillness, and the sweet, fresh air. It has every kind of beauty that the "woodland wild" can combine, from the tender grace of the slight ash and beech trees, through which the sun's rays strike into the under-wood, revealing marvellous treasures of multitudinous growth and infinite variety of colour, the watchful processional formality of poplars, whose front ranks stand across country in the valley below, the massive grandeur of great acorn-laden oaks and wide-spreading, sturdy elms; firs with flame-tinted stems and storm-defying heads; gloomy, bitter, poison-fruited yew, and solemn cypress; to the masses of the sharp and shining-leaved tree, growing thick and black-stemmed in the dense darkness, which give the place its name of "Box Hill." It has dells and

downs, steep, heather-bordered road, and sharp-declining hillside, openings into undulating glades, o'erarching avenues, tunnels of shade of solemn blackness, wide stretches of green-velvet turf, dense thickets in which the crushed confusion of trees defies division, grand, solitary forest-lords standing in isolated majesty, each one a picture and a marvel. It has a gorgeous tangle of autumn flower and red poison-fruit, and acres of blackberry-bushes, with a purple bloom upon their berries. There are weird paths in it, with vistas into the wood, where the stems, shut from the sun, are bleached, and sickly, and distorted, like Doré's dreadful trees, with pain and writhing in their twisted limbs; and there are broad, jocund ways, with the generous sunlit growths bordering them, adown which the wood-nymphs might dance to-day without surprising anybody, so surely do they seem to have been laid out on purpose; and here the giant stems are dight in moss-like emerald velvet, and touched with gem-like flashes of ruby and topaz colour. There is a blue sky, with a transparent veil of hurrying clouds before it, a strong stirring and sound in the trees and the underwood; the ear might easily cheat itself into a belief that the plain below is a lake; but on the brow of the hill the whole superb scene is unrolled before one; forty miles of rich country laugh under the sunshine, and the little village of Brockham stands in its prim prettiness in the foreground of the valley, like a Dutch village just taken out of a toy-box, set up, and ready to be packed up again when the private view shall be over.

What a scene for the comedy of the exploring party, at which Emma flirted with Frank Churchill because she was angry with herself and with Mr. Knightley, and Frank Churchill flirted with Emma because he was angry with himself and with Jane Fairfax; Mr. Knightley was virtuously indignant, Miss Bates was voluble, snubbed, and forgiving; and dear Mrs. Elton was, as usual, the most finely humorous type of vulgar assumption and invincible self-compacency ever given to a world, which is, we hope and believe, increasingly grateful for the boon. Is there anybody who does not know her? To such we would say, read "Emma" thoroughly, in the first instance, and when you have mastered the book, "explore to Box Hill" in its company, — and a barouche-landau.

From Fraser's Magazine.  
OLD CHINA.

BY THE REV. R. H. CAVE.

WHAT is the peculiar spell and fascination, it is asked with amazement, which old china exercises upon many persons who are by no means deficient either in intelligence or common sense? At the present time there seems to be a perfect mania for collecting china which has any stamp of antiquity upon it; and not only fashionable society, but even the sober good sense of the middle classes appears to have caught the infection; in fact, the prices given at auction-rooms for any rare specimens are really so astounding and unprecedented, that outsiders stand by with uplifted hands and eyebrows of amazement, whilst 6,000*l.*, for example, is being given for a couple of vases, which are to be put away in the collector's cabinet, and shrouded from the common gaze thenceforth, like the beauties of an oriental harem. This is, of course, an extremely "fancy" price for old china; but it was given last year for a pair of Sèvres vases at Christie's. Two noblemen—or their agents rather—were bidding against each other, and the price was run up to 6,000*l.*; which in twenty-eight years, it must be remembered, at compound interest, is equivalent to 24,000*l.* It will be curious to trace the history of these vases in the year of grace 1902, if they are in existence then. A story is current that one of the persons to whom they formerly belonged was completely thrown off his balance by the unprecedented price given for them. He was heard exclaiming "Am I alive, or am I dead? Pinch me that I may know whether I am in my senses or not! I bought them for 70*l.* and sold them for 300*l.*; and now, gracious heavens! I have been done out of a FOR-TUNE!"

But to descend from these heights,—Elia remarks:

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house I enquire first for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery. I love those little lawless azure-tinted grotesques that under the notion of men and women float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china teacup.

And if we were in a discursive mood, or writing an essay in which it is permissible to wander and lose oneself at one's own will, we should like to dwell upon the moral and intellectual advantages of hobby-horse riding; to show what a healthful

pursuit it is, and how the collector of old china, or coins, or antique gems has his mental horizon enlarged, and his general knowledge of the world and of the things and people in it quickened, by the steady cultivation of a special taste. The study of antiques may in fact be considered one of the ornamental fringes of the muse of history; and a man cannot have been long in the habit of getting together a collection of antiquities of any kind without having had many curious questions of historic fact forced upon his attention, which all bear more or less directly upon the subject he is interested in. For instance—and we take an instance of that which lies closest at hand—the study of antique pottery brings us at once *en rapport* with fashions and modes of life in Egypt, Greece, and Rome, with which we should have been otherwise utterly unacquainted. There are, it is estimated, something like fifteen thousand Greek and Etruscan vases dispersed through the collections of Europe; and there is scarcely one of these which does not bear some subject of interest painted upon it from the old Greek life. The temples and sculpture-galleries of Greece, the Parthenon and Acropolis, are wrecked and ruined. A few mutilated bas-reliefs are all that remains to us of the old magnificence of sculpture when that art was at its fairest. But here, in these frail earthenware vessels, we have enshrined the spirit which has not been safely held by the marbles of Pentelicus and the bronze of Monte Catino. When Lord Macaulay inveighed against the "dignity of history," as occupying itself only with the march of great armies and the conquest of great kingdoms, whilst it neglected altogether the common every-day affairs of life which most come home to men's business and bosoms, he was uttering a tribute to those studies which lead us by pleasant paths through the byways of history. Many a man owes more than he is aware of, or perhaps would care to acknowledge, of his acquaintance with the past, to Shakespeare's plays and Walter Scott's novels.

To the outside public it would seem that pottery and porcelain are synonymous and convertible terms, included usually under the generic name of "china ware;" but, in fact, they are entirely different productions, as we shall endeavour to show in the short sketch we are about to give of the ceramic art.

The visitor to the International Exhibition of a year or two ago, who watched the deft hands of the potter moulding a

lump of clay upon the wheel in Messrs. Minton's *annexe*, was witnessing a mode of manufacture which has scarcely at all been altered or improved upon since its invention at the very dawn of history. Kingdoms have waxed and waned. Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, are but names, and shadows of names. Modern European science and skill have spanned the earth with a girdle, bridged over arms of the sea, and made wonderful strides in invention and manufacture, and still the old potter's wheel remains much what it was in the delta of the Nile four thousand years ago. And Mr. Minton's men work it under Queen Victoria much as it was worked by Egyptian artisans in the reign of Pharaoh Necho, or Rameses. But there is even an earlier pottery still than this, of which, too, we must take account. The savage prehistoric races seem at an early time to have moulded the clay of the river-brink or of the lake into some sort of vessel which would hold water, and which, after ornamenting its rim with some rude zigzag thumb-nail pattern, they dried in the sun. Specimens of this earliest pottery ware can be seen in the British Museum, and seem to show that a love of ornament is almost an instinct in man's nature; although there is a wonderful stride in intelligence and skill from the earthenware of Grime's graves or of Swiss kitchen-middens to the Sèvres teacup, with its lovely painting by Dodet or Chabry, which was sold the other day at Christie's for something like a hundred pounds.

But these specimens of the potter's art scarcely come into the same category as the pottery ware which is to be usually seen in the china-collector's cabinet, belonging rather to the department of the antiquary and ethnologist than to that of the general collector. Passing on, therefore, with a glance at the red Samian ware of Rome, for which there were large pottery works in England on the Norfolk and Kentish coasts, and specimens of which are still occasionally dredged up by fishing-smacks in those neighbourhoods, we come by a leap of a thousand years to the Hispano-Mauresque majolica ware, fine specimens of which were exhibited lately at the Bethnal Green Museum, and are to be seen also at South Kensington, and at that small city of antiquities which is open to the public three days a week in Bloomsbury. During that thousand years, the dark and gusty night of the decayed Roman empire, when the lamp of civilization was well-nigh blown out, earthenware no

doubt continued to be made in Europe, but few or no specimens seem to have come down to us.

In the twelfth century the Pisans, when they came back from an expedition against the Moors in Majorca, brought with them amongst other spoils some splendid dishes of earthenware, which were covered with an iridescent glaze, beautiful as mother of pearl or the sheen of a pigeon's neck or peacock's tail. These dishes they hung up in their churches as votive offerings. The old Greeks and Romans had done the same thing before them, for the same habits recur at various epochs of the human race. The fashionable ladies of Belgravia may at any rate be satisfied that they have good precedent for the adornment of their walls with pretty china plates and dishes. This Hispano-Mauresque pottery, which continued to be made for another hundred years, is exceedingly beautiful in colour, though rude in design; a dish, for instance, in the possession of the writer, has a golden glaze, which flashes and burns like fire, and gives green, and orange, and purple reflections, according to the angle of incidence at which the light falls upon it. Scaliger tells us that this earthenware was first called Majorica, then Majolica, from the island whence it was originally derived. Italian workmen, however, gained the secret of its manufacture, and gradually began to produce, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, that celebrated majolica ware, fine specimens of which bring such large prices at the present day. Its substance or body is merely a coarse earthenware, often very rudely moulded, with no great regard to symmetry or precision. It is afterwards covered with a thick glaze—not white, but of a rich cream colour, which gives it strength and beauty. But that which confers its chief value on the old majolica ware is the admirable artistic skill which has been applied to its adornment. The best pieces were executed at the very height of the Italian Renaissance. Raffaello, it is said, himself made designs for this earthenware. At any rate his pupils—Marc Antonio amongst others—adapted his designs to majolica dishes and platters. And it is on this account that genuine majolica ware may be taken out of the category of the mere manufacturer's work and placed in that of the true artist, who can make the dust we tread on precious, and give grace and beauty to the sand and clay and slime of the river-brink. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that genuine and well-



authenticated specimens of this ware fetch high prices. At Mr. Baker's sale last year at Christie's, "No. 129, a dish with sunk centre, painted with a female head and arabesques of lusted colours by Maestro Georgio," dated 1529, sold for over two hundred guineas; a couple of fine ewers, painted with figure-subjects of Apollo, 300*l.*; and several dishes of the same period at about one hundred guineas each. But at the same time we would warn the would-be purchaser of majolica ware that the china market is flooded with modern imitations of these antiques, which are being manufactured, lustre, glaze, and all, at the potteries of Doccia, near Florence; and that, as a matter of fact, the position of the finer specimens in their various owners' cabinets is almost as well known to those whom it concerns as that of a genuine picture by Titian or Rembrandt in the galleries of Europe.

Simultaneously with the manufacture of the majolica ware in Italy in the sixteenth century, two other celebrated manufactories of earthenware took their rise in France; the faience of Henri Deux, and the Palissy ware of the great potter of Saintes. Of the former very few specimens remain; not, we should imagine, above two or three dozen in all. And these are literally worth their weight in gold; for whenever a chance specimen comes into the market, it is sure to sell for an almost fabulous price; five or six hundred pounds being gladly given by wealthy connoisseurs for an example of the cream-coloured niello ware of Henri and Diane. Genuine Palissy ware also fetches large sums, though not so large as the preceding. At Mr. Bernal's sale in 1855, "No. 2,076, a circular dish on a foot; a lizard in the centre, with a very rich border," which had been originally purchased in Paris in a broken state for twelve francs, and mended and sold to Mr. Bernal for four pounds, fetched no less than 162*l.*! Palissy ware is usually ornamented in relief with fish and frogs, and snakes and lizards, and snail-shells—the *rustique figuline* of a man who was a lover of nature as well as a skilful artist. This ware also has been recently imitated to a considerable extent in Paris, and unscrupulous dealers have been in the habit of getting their Palissy ware from thence for the benefit of inconsiderate and confiding purchasers; although, doubtless, the exhibition of a large stall full of the ware in the last year's International Exhibition at very moderate prices will for the future put a stop to this

lucrative and somewhat nefarious little game.

But with these specimens of earthenware, the china cabinet of the Belgravian lady, or of the collector of moderate income, has but little to do. We shall obtain a larger share of attention, perhaps, now that we come to speak of those lovely teapots and cups and saucers, and figures, and vases—true porcelain or china ware—which issued from the various manufactories of Dresden and Sèvres; and from our own Chelsea, and Worcester, and Derby during the last century.

The history of the discovery of porcelain in Europe is a kind of romance of itself—the romance of man's conquering difficulties, and of energy wisely and skilfully applied to a definite purpose; often, also, a story—too common in every-day life!—of the true inventor but poorly rewarded, and a rich harvest of gain reaped by some charlatan, who steps in at a fortunate moment to gather what another has sown. Long before the Christian era, however, porcelain or china had been in use amongst that quaint, almond-eyed, pig-tailed, peculiar race of people, who seem to have anticipated European discoveries in many another important particular. When England was a battlefield for kites and crows, Saxons and Danes, contending for its fertile lands, the art of china-making had in China pretty well been perfected. The difference between earthenware and china, or pottery and porcelain, is, that the one is opaque and the other translucent. Porcelain, in fact, is a substance which partakes of the nature both of earthenware and glass, and is intermediate between the two. Its bases are two earths, kaolin and petunse, the petunse fusing in the furnace into a sort of milk-white glaze, which covers the kaolin or china body. This beautiful china, as soon as it was introduced into England by the East India Company, about the middle of the seventeenth century, became immediately the rage. About the time of Queen Anne there was a perfect furore for the new china ware—as great a china-mania, in fact, as at the present day; so that Pope, and Hogarth, and other satirists of the follies of the hour, treated the subject in much the same laughing, satirical sort of way as our own *Punch* in his almanac of last year. Hogarth's belle comes home from the Christie's of that day with her negro boy grinning from ear to ear over a basket of quaint Chinese monsters which she has just been fortunate enough to acquire; and Pope's heroine, Belinda, is so

charmingly good-tempered, that she is able to be "mistress of herself though China fall." So Mr. Punch smilingly commiserates the Belgravian matron who has just broken a teacup that was unique, and refuses to be comforted by having her little daughter safe and sound, who is only one "of a set" after all.

China ware being in such repute, it was natural enough that the secret of its manufacture should be enquired into by the potters of Europe, and as natural that the clever but mendacious race who had first made the discovery should wish to keep that secret to themselves. China — so said the Chinese — was made of egg-shells and sea-sand, and various other ingredients, mixed in certain proportions, and buried for a hundred years in the earth. Nay, more than this, it even required the blood of a martyr for its perfect production; for Pousa — so went the story — who is imaged in those quaint little modern figures which we call Chinese mandarins, being one of the earliest potters, and unable to execute a certain order of the emperor, flung himself straightway into the furnace in which the ware was baking; and behold, a perfect service was the result, and the consequent canonization of Pousa!

But, however carefully China might endeavour to keep the secret of its ware, European intelligence and perseverance were too much for it at last. The discovery or invention was made almost simultaneously in Germany and France; and the discoverers stumbled upon it at last by the merest chance. A barber of the name of Schnorr, in Germany, had been using, instead of hair-powder, a powdered clay, which turned out to be the kaolin of China, and which Böttcher, the potter of Meissen, soon employed as a basis of porcelain, and so laid the foundation of the celebrated Dresden factory. In France, too, the wife of a poor surgeon of St. Yrieux, near Limoges, found that a white unctuous earth in her neighbourhood made a capital soap; and this earth being submitted to a chemist, proved also to be a true kaolin, and was immediately turned to account in the royal manufactory of Sèvres. In England Richard Chaffers discovered that the decomposed granite of Cornwall was the substance which English potters had been looking for so long; and the factories of Plymouth and Bristol soon began to manufacture china ware no whit inferior to the imperial porcelain of China itself. Then began in Europe that great manufacture

of china ware in the eighteenth century which so far excels all that the nineteenth century, aided by schools of art and geological and chemical institutions, can do. Great monarchs did not think it beneath their dignity to take a personal interest in the porcelain factories for which their several kingdoms were famous. In order to keep the secrets of the art, potters were shut up in castles, which were guarded as if in a state of siege. "Be secret unto death" was the motto of the Meissen or Dresden factory, meeting one's eye everywhere upon the walls, and really meaning what it said, for it was as much as the workman's life was worth to disclose the secrets of those decorative prison-houses. Frederick William exchanges twenty-two vases for a regiment of dragoons, and King Augustus even thinks he has the best of the bargain in that matter. Louis XIV. watches over the Sèvres factory with quite a paternal interest; and the Pompadour and Du Barry are charmed at seeing their pretty faces appropriately enshrined in the frail clay of jewelled teacups and saucers. Even our bucolic George paid personal visits to the factories of Chelsea and Worcester, and ordered royal services for the kingly table and for gifts, asking the attendant potter a hundred rambling questions, if we are to believe Peter Pindar.

Having thus briefly sketched the history of pottery and porcelain, suppose we now follow Charles Lamb's example, and spend a few minutes in looking over the china-closet of a modern collector. It is certainly a pretty sight. There is scarcely a teacup there which might not be a lesson in taste to the modern manufacturer. The Sèvres and Dresden ware is beautifully painted with bouquets of flowers, and groups of figures, and landscapes. A few years ago, before the present mania for china set in, they might have been bought for as many shillings as they will now cost pounds. Here are some Chelsea figures — shepherds and shepherdesses in bowers of May-blossom and forget-me-nots, with cows and sheep. How exquisitely modelled they are! and in a paste which has never been rivalled, the art of making which was borrowed from the Venetian glass-makers of Murano. These are worth from ten to twenty pounds apiece. Then there are some old Worcester plates and dishes, with the square mark of Dr. Wall's time; the ground-work a rich purple-blue, with white medallions, on which are painted peacocks and peasants in the most glowing colours. Here — we beg you to handle them carefully, for they are

very precious — are three old Derby vases, modelled on the pattern of the Greek hydra, marked with the crown; also having a dark-blue ground, not quite so rich, perhaps, as the Worcester, but still fine; each one with a bouquet of flowers in a basket, so beautifully grouped and painted, that we doubt whether even Miss Mutrie could surpass them. Then, notice those old Staffordshire figures — not to be compared, of course, with the Chelsea or Dresden groups, but coming into favour now when all old china is growing scarcer, and certainly worthy of the collector's attention, for there is a great deal that is artistic and good in the pose and painting of them. Those mugs, teapots, and caddies are Lowestoft, painted, you see, after the oriental fashion, with quaint angular Chinese figures, and decorated with roses freshly plucked from the stalk. It is a moot point with connoisseurs whether much that we call Lowestoft china is not oriental after all; this being one of the big-endian and little-endian subjects which are never likely to have a satisfactory termination. Lastly, examine this genuine old Wedgwood *plaque* — not from Wardour Street or modern Etruria; look at it carefully with a magnifying glass, and say if it be not beautiful as an antique gem of Greece or Rome. The design, you must remember, was modelled by Flaxman himself, and its ivory-like figures stand out from the blue jasper ground sharp-cut and clear, without the smallest crack or fire-flaw.

To persons who are thinking of collecting old china we are almost inclined to give the well-known advice of *Punch* to persons about to marry — "Don't." Prices are almost prohibitory just now, except to people with very long purses indeed. Still there are bargains to be got, and there is china to be bought, though not at fashionable *bric-à-brac* shops, or at the great auction-marts of the metropolis. No one, for instance, can go far wrong who buys for a pound or so a pretty teacup and saucer which has a well-painted group of flowers upon it, or a fine landscape; the painting is worth all the money, and such things do turn up occasionally at out-of-the-way auctions, and in small country towns. The writer was not long since at the house of a country clergyman in a remote county, where he observed some apples upon a dish of old Worcester china — the square-marked Worcester — painted with exotic birds. Upon enquiring whether the owner knew its value, he was informed that it was a part of their com-

mon dessert-service, which had been in family use for two generations, and was thought to be nice, but not more valuable than other china. He examined the plates and dishes, however — there were about a dozen altogether — and told his host that this little service was worth probably a couple of hundred pounds, a communication which was received with a general laugh of amazement and incredulity. However, this dessert-service was sent to Christie's, and sold for a little under two hundred pounds!

But it may be asked, what is the cause of this factitious value which is attached just now to old china? And in answer we should be inclined to deny in the first place that the value is rightly to be called factitious. "The real value of a thing," says Butler, "is just as much as it will bring." And, although this may not hold good with regard to "securities" bought and sold on the Stock Exchange, which pass from hand to hand often without having any real existence at all, in the case of good works of old pottery and porcelain, the things have an intrinsic value, which must always be reliable under the usual conditions of national prosperity. They are beautiful in themselves, and under present circumstances they cannot be reproduced. The imitations, however near, are still inferior; a something of the original spirit is lacking; and if even tolerable they cannot be cheap. Men cannot in the nineteenth century afford to give the time for artistic work in manufactured goods which it really requires. In fact, our usual "manufactured goods" are not manufactured at all — that is to say, wrought by the hand of man — but made chiefly by machinery. The Greek vases, and indeed the Sèvres and the Chelsea vases of the last century, were not turned out by the gross. The Philistine world indeed may sneer at the artificial value set on old pieces of crockery ware or rusty iron. But the art-student knows their true worth; and he esteems them as precious, because standards of a better taste produced when men could afford time, and thought it worth while to do their work as well as they were able.

---

From The Spectator.

#### A QUAIN EPITAPH.

SIR, — As you are not one to despise "unconsidered trifles" when they have

merit, perhaps you will find room for the following epitaph, on a Deal boatman, which I copied the other day from a tombstone in a churchyard in that town:—

In memory of George Phillpot,  
Who died March 22nd, 1850, aged 74 years.

Full many a life he saved  
With his undaunted crew;  
*He put his trust in Providence,*  
AND CARED NOT HOW IT BLEW.

A hero; his heroic life and deeds, and the philosophy or religion, perfect both in theory and practice, which inspired them, all described in four short lines of graphic and spirited verse! Would not "rare Ben" himself have acknowledged this a good specimen of "what verse can say in a little"? Whoever wrote it was a poet "without the name."

There is another in the same churchyard, which, though weak after the above, and indeed not uncommon, I fancy, in sea-side towns, is at least sufficiently quaint:—

In memory of James Epps Buttress, who, in rendering assistance to the French schooner "Vesuvienne," was drowned, December 27th, 1852, aged 39.

Though Boreas' blast and Neptune's wave  
Did toss me to and fro,  
In spite of both, by God's decree,  
I harbour here below;  
And here I do at anchor ride  
With many of our fleet,  
Yet once again I must set sail,  
Our Admiral, Christ, to meet.  
Also two Sons, who died in infancy, etc.

The "human race" typified by "*our fleet*" excites vague reminiscences of Goethe and Carlyle, and "our Admiral Christ" seems not remotely associated in sentiment with the "We that fight for our fair father Christ," and "The king will follow Christ, and we the king," of our grand poet. So do the highest and the lowest meet. But the heartiness, the vitality, nay, almost vivacity, of some of these underground tenantry is surprising. There is more life in some of our dead folk than in many a living crowd.—I am, Sir, etc.,  
A. D.

THE night of July 7-8, 1875, will be long remembered in Switzerland for the thunderstorms, several of them of almost unexampled severity, which occurred in Val de Travers, Liestal, Lucerne, Argovie, Zurich, and St. Gall (Rapperswyl), Langenthal, Grisons, Valais, Fribourg, and Geneva. Of these, the thunderstorm which broke over Geneva was unprecedentedly severe and disastrous. A detailed account of the phenomenon has been sent us under the title "*L'Orage du 7 au 8 Juillet, 1875. Extrait du Journal de Genève, du 9 au 12 Juillet.*" It appears to have originated to westward in the department of Ain, and took an easterly course up the valley of the Rhone to Geneva, on reaching which it spread over a wider area, and thence directed its course over Savoy. As midnight came on, though the heat was suffocating and not a breath of wind stirred below on the streets, light objects on the roofs of the houses began to be whirled about and carried off as by a tempest of wind. At the same time a dull rumbling sound, resembling neither that of wind nor that of thunder, announced the approach of the thunderstorm, and at twelve midnight exactly it burst over Geneva in all its fury. An avalanche of enormous hailstones with no trace of rain was precipitated from the sky, and shot against opposing objects by a tempest of wind from the south-west. In a moment the street lamps were extinguished, and in a brief interval incredible damage was inflicted, the glass and tiles of houses smashed

to powder, trees stripped of their bark on the side facing the west, and crops of every sort were in many places all but destroyed. The smallest of the hailstones were the size of hazel-nuts, many were as large as walnuts and chestnuts, and some even as large as a hen's egg. Some of the hailstones measured four inches in diameter, and six hours after they fell weighed upwards of 300 grammes. For the most part the hailstones were of a flattish or lenticular form, with a central nucleus of 0.16 to 0.40 inch diameter, enveloped in several concentric layers of ice, generally from six to eight, alternately transparent and opaque. An interesting map accompanies the description, showing the districts where the storm was felt as well as the degree of its intensity in each locality. The electrical phenomena were very remarkable; the flashes of lightning succeeded each with so great rapidity from midnight till a few minutes after 1 o'clock in the morning, that a mean of from two to three were counted each second, or from 8,000 to 10,000 per hour. Electrical phosphorescence was remarkably intense before and during the hail. The ground, animals, prominent objects, as well as the hailstones, were strongly phosphorescent. Immediately after the hail, ozone was greatly developed, the smell being so pronounced as to be compared by nearly all observers to garlic. The incessant electrical discharges passed from cloud to cloud over a central point from which the hail fell, but thunder was very rarely heard.  
Nature.